

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 815

Week Ending
NOVEMBER 3, 1934

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Penny Every Thursday 2d

AUSTRALIA IN A WEEK-END

See
Page
Two

SLOWEST THING IN THE AGE OF SPEED

SLUM CLEARANCE

The Remarkable Case of
Whitehall and the Courts

SLOWING DOWN THE BETTER DAYS

Why is it, we wonder, that in this Age of Speed everything goes too fast except the Slums?

Slower and slower is Slum Clearance, moving like a tortoise when all the rest of the world moves like a spinning-top. In the meantime children are born and children die in homes unfit for animals.

One remarkable case has just arisen which illustrates the difficulties which stand in the way of those who are trying to get rid of this blot on the face of the country. It is a dramatic example of the working of our official machinery and the need for keeping it all within the bounds of the law.

Jarrow's Desperate Plight

What has happened is this: A recent decision in the Court of Appeal led to a desperate state of affairs in Jarrow, which is one of the most afflicted towns in England. The decision of the judges cancelled a Clearance Order for a slum area issued by the Ministry of Health, thus preventing the payment of a subsidy which, over 40 years, would amount to £45,000.

Under the Housing Act of 1930 the State makes a grant of 45s for 40 years for every person rehoused in all towns except London, where the rate is higher; and it had been arranged to rehouse 500 slum-dwellers in Jarrow. The decision of the Court of Appeal may lead to the loss of this subsidy or the postponement of the slum clearance.

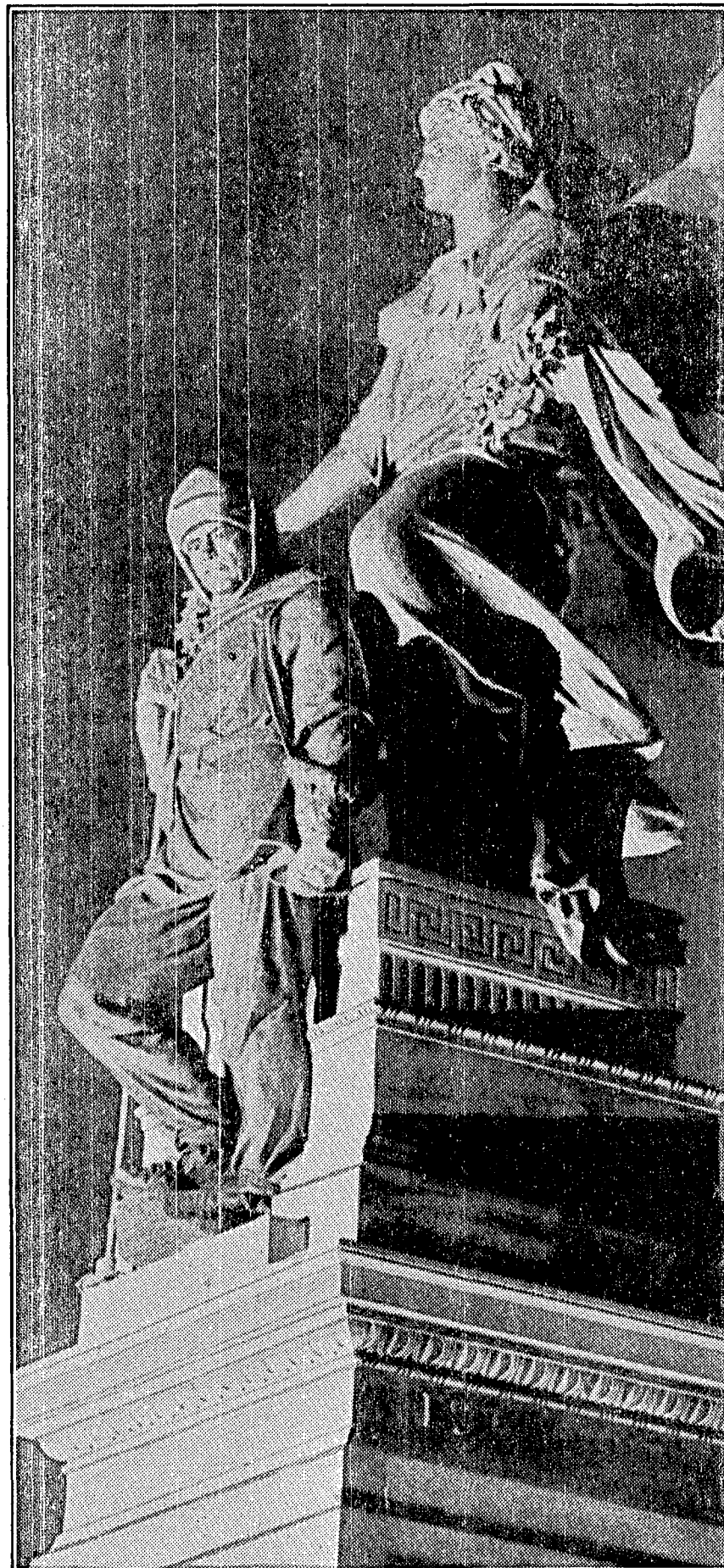
This dramatic situation arose from a mistake on the part of the Ministry itself. When a local authority earmarks a slum area for clearance a public inquiry is held by officials from the Ministry before whom owners of the property may give reasons why houses should not be pulled down, while on the other side the authorities state their case.

An Official Oversight

An inquiry was duly held at Jarrow, but before coming to a final decision and sending the necessary Order to the Council the Minister sent one of his officials to inspect the property. This official did not advise the owners of the property of his intended visit, but, accompanied by the Jarrow Authorities, inspected it and decided that it must be cleared. The owners appealed to the law, and the judges ruled that the Minister, in judging cases like this, must obey the rules of natural justice; he must hear both sides and must not hear one side in the absence of the other.

This case shows how difficult is the task of clearing away the slums.

The Hero of the South Pole



In 1868 Robert Falcon Scott was born at Devonport. In 1912 he and his four comrades perished in a blizzard while struggling back from the South Pole. Devonport honours the memory of its heroic son with the impressive monument here seen glowing in the floodlights.

1914 AND 1934

TWO CRIMES AND WHAT HAPPENED

Hope For Those Who Hope
For Peace

YUGO-SLAVIA AND EUROPE

Out of a great crime arises some food for comfort.

Twenty years ago the assassination of the Austrian Crown Prince and his bride at Serajevo, now part of Yugo-Slavia, precipitated the World War.

Twenty years later a similar crime has ended the lives of King Alexander of Yugo-Slavia and the aged statesman of France, M. Barthou. Yet there is neither war nor rumour of war.

This is a fact which must encourage those who hope for the rule of peace. We have even cause to hope that Italy and Yugo-Slavia will become more friendly than of late. Mussolini, once regarded as a firebrand, has marked his sense of the situation by paying special honour to the dead king and his people, and the Yugo-Slavia Government has responded in fitting terms.

A Great Danger Averted

While immediate danger is thus averted we shall do well to watch closely the movement of affairs. It is only too clear that King Alexander's dictatorship was distasteful to a large part of the Yugo-Slavian people. His policy was forcibly to weld Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Montenegrins, and the other races within his new political boundaries into one people.

Home Rule for Croatia would probably have meant the cementing of friendship with the Serbs.

A great danger has been so far averted. We are entitled to hope that the boy King Peter has found in his uncle, Prince Paul, and the other two Regents a Council who will promote liberty at home and peace abroad. There is a grave responsibility. It was through their country that the world was flung into War, and we may hope they will seek to lead it now into Peace.

The late King Alexander, with all his good qualities and his final move for peace, could hardly be called successful as a dictator.

THE HUMBLE HERRING

The herring, so numerous in our fishermen's nets, is having hard work to make a living, but it has just been raised to civic dignity in Thanet.

Mayors and deputy mayors have lately had their civic fishing competition. Rod and line is the rule, and the match is a keen one. The Mayor of Ramsgate got 49 fish, weighing nearly 16 lbs, while the Deputy Mayor of Margate caught 34, weighing two ounces more.

And the deputy mayor won, for he caught a herring, a most unusual catch with rod and line!

AUSTRALIA IN A WEEK-END

THE MARVELLOUS RIDE IN A COMET

Mildenhall To Melbourne in Less Than Three Days

WORLD'S GREATEST RACE

At the beginning of this year the design of a new aeroplane was on a piece of paper; before the year is out that aeroplane has made the record journey to Australia, having reached it in a week-end flight.

It is the achievement of a Comet, and will be remembered for all time as one of the most remarkable achievements in the story of man's conquest of Nature.

The Two Races

The Australian air race has proved the most thrilling race ever known. A fortnightly service is being planned between this country and Australia. With the results of this race for comparison the new service will resemble the old parliamentary train as against our Scottish expresses.

In the presence of over 50,000 people the 20 aeroplanes left Mildenhall at sunrise. There were many kinds of machines, from the Royal Dutch liner Douglas and the Boeing transport liner from America to the racing Comets and the little Desoutter flown by a Dane.

There were actually two races, one for speed alone and the other a handicap race. It was, of course, the speed race that yielded the greatest thrills.

To India in One Day

Before midnight news had come from Bagdad of the arrival of the Comets flown by Mr and Mrs Mollison and Mr Charles Scott. These two machines had flown by the shortest route, over Germany and the Black Sea, reaching heights of 16,000 feet in order to escape bad weather and the risk of crashing into the mountain ranges over which they had to pass. On they went, into the night, the Mollisons reaching Karachi in record time. It was a thrilling and unparalleled ride, for it was to India in one day for the first time. There the Mollisons met with an accident. But Scott flew on to reach Port Darwin at 11 o'clock on Monday morning. Crossing the Timor Sea had been a time of grave anxiety, for one of the two engines had broken down. Still, for the third time, Scott had broken the record between this country and Australia, and covered the distance in a third of the record time.

Scott struggled on, reaching Melbourne at 5.33 on Tuesday morning, having covered the 11,296 miles in 2 days, 23 hours.

Steadily following the British Comet came the big Douglas air liner, with its three passengers, only able to carry petrol for 1000 miles. This machine had to make frequent calls on its way, but it achieved a success only second to that of Scott.

This air liner, in which each of the pilots can sleep in a cabin, is a real example of what is possible for passenger travel in the future.

The Supreme Triumph

There was many a thrilling moment for other competitors in the race. The Americans on the Boeing transport machine got lost for a time over the Indian jungle, and several machines were damaged in landing.

It is the marvellous journey of Scott, however, that will remain the supreme triumph of this race. He flew over mountains and for hundreds of miles over the open sea, hurtling through the air at 200 miles an hour, on the fastest journey ever made across the world.

Once more we have a Scott immortal in our story. One won his immortality by his books, one by his deathless march in Antarctic snows, and now the third has won it by a matchless flight which brings before us the possibility of going to Australia in a week-end.

HE TURNED THE WRONG WAY

And Lost the Great War THE MISTAKE OF VON KLUCK

The death of Alexander von Kluck, who led the German Army into France in 1914, recalls a dramatic week in which the future course of the Great War was entirely changed.

Had Von Kluck continued on his triumphal march to the south-west Paris would undoubtedly have fallen and the army under Joffre would have been outflanked. By turning south-east he exposed his flank to an attack by an army secretly formed in Paris, and by the British.

The Battle of the Marne followed, and the whole of the German forces had to retreat to the River Aisne, where began that three and a half years trench warfare which resulted in the final overthrow of Germany after ten million men had died.

Von Kluck's error thus deprived Germany of the quick victory over France which she had anticipated, and which would have been followed by a concentrated attack on this country. His order to his troops at the beginning of the Battle of the Marne, "Everything depends on the result tomorrow," proved only too true.

So it comes about that within a few days of each other there died the man who lost the War (Von Kluck) and the man who lost the Peace (M. Poincaré).

A ROPE FOR GENERAL SMUTS

An Old Secret Out

When General Smuts went to St Andrews the other day as Lord Rector a crowd of students pushed and pulled his carriage from the station.

That led him to tell a story which has never crept into history.

Just after the Boer War a small settlement of Boers in the Transvaal heard that the Governor was coming to see them.

Of course there had been much ill-feeling, and some still remained. Many Britons looked upon the Boers as rebels at heart. The Governor wanted to get into closer contact with the Boers, and so he meant to visit this small, lonely settlement and make friends.

Judge of his horror when, as he left the station, he saw a lot of rough-looking men rush out of the bush carrying a rope.

Of course he thought they meant to hang him, and he dashed back to the train as fast as he could.

Poor man! The rope was for dragging his carriage, not for hanging him.

It is pleasant to reflect that no mistake like that could be made in the Transvaal now. So may the hatreds of Europe be forgotten, if we will it.

HIS AND OURS

The Poor Boy and the Rich Car

All the wealth Sir Henry Royce made from his wonderful engines is to be spent in a noble cause.

Sir Henry's trustees have just approved the first plan to carry his wishes into effect. Two Royce Research Fellowships, one at Manchester University and the other in London, are to be devoted to the investigation of influenza.

Sir Henry knew himself what suffering meant, and one of the most inspiring stories of recent years is that of how he spent his last years working out his brilliant inventions on a bed of pain.

His father died when he was nine and Henry sold papers in the streets of London. He triumphed over all adversity and lived to see the finest engines that have ever been made running through the streets where he had sold papers. The engines were *his*, and now the money he made from them is *ours*.

THE WHITE LIGHT OF SAFETY

WHAT EVERY CYCLIST WANTS

The Brightest Reflector Possible By Night

BEST KNOWN YET

It was not a moment too soon for the Minister of Transport to issue his new rule for cyclists, and it is more than time that every cycle in the land was fitted with the most efficient reflector possible in these scientific days.

Mr Hore-Belisha will add greatly to our safety on the roads if he will see that the greatest possible measure of safety is given to a cyclist by night; and he has now ruled that all cycles not equipped with a rear-light must have, in addition to a reflector, a white surface of 12 square inches.

The Little Red Disc

The object of this white surface is to make the cyclist visible to a motorist at as great a distance as possible, and it follows that *the more visible this white surface is the greater will be the measure of safety for all concerned.*

What is now needed is that science should find out the best possible substance of which this white surface can be made.

The great light of the motor-car lamps, which has been such a nuisance to the cyclist in the past, may prove his salvation, thanks to the various devices he can now use to pick up the rays from the lamps behind him. The little red glass device which most cycles carry are a triumph of the optician, picking up an extraordinary amount of light and focussing it back in a concentrated beam. But it is only when a motor is fairly near to them that these reflectors are bright enough to meet the need of the traffic of these nights.

Celluloid Not Enough

Thousands of cycles now have white celluloid reflectors fitted, which are excellent as far as they go. Their success has been considerable, but it is felt that it should be possible to increase the intensity of this reflected white light, and a scientific expert has been measuring the reflecting power of materials superior to white celluloid. Some of these are the materials used for kinematograph screens, and one has proved remarkably successful.

A scientific measurement of light reflected by white celluloid and by a material coated with fine crystals has proved that this new material gives a far brighter light and is effective at a far greater distance than celluloid; it is, indeed, *more than twice as effective as white celluloid.*

Silglas

The remarkably high reflecting power of this material (called Silglas) is due to the fact that it is coated with astonishingly fine crystals. When seen by a motorist shining his headlamps on it a piece of Silglas is probably the whitest known thing that can be used for this purpose.

Now that the new rule is in force it seems to us all-important that the white surface made compulsory should be the whitest surface possible, and it is encouraging to find that once more in scientific discovery the need for a thing has brought it into the field.

The farther a motorist can see a cyclist the better for both, and the safer our roads will be for all of us.

Your Share of the Peace of the World

For 13s a year you may send the C.N. each week to any child on Earth

THE GREAT SPECTACLE THROWN AWAY

LONDON AND HER WONDERFUL DOCKS

Something To Be Done To Make Them More Accessible

FIVE AUTHORITIES JOIN TOGETHER

There is a part of London which is almost unknown to those who do not live in its neighbourhood.

It is Dockland, one of the chief sources of the wealth of the capital city of the Empire, a place almost inaccessible to most of us.

It should be a great spectacle, drawing overseas visitors as by a magnet; but at present this is impossible, for, except by way of the Thames, which is only available for ordinary visitors on summer days, access is difficult at these thrilling spots where argosies from all over the world come and go. The truth is that our wonderful docks are a splendour thrown away as far as being a spectacle goes, for it is nothing but misery to have to go to them.

Narrow, Crooked Streets

The only docks to which it is a pleasure to go are the docks at Tilbury, which, though approached by a fine broad road, are too far away for London, and the Victoria and Albert and George the Fifth Docks, to which a new viaduct has just been opened. The London Docks at Wapping, the West India Docks in the Isle of Dogs, and Surrey Commercial Docks on the south side of the Thames, are hedged in by narrow, crooked streets, with little bridges across the waterways and a general atmosphere which is most depressing.

It is something of an anomaly that the Port of London Authority has spent some £16,000,000 on improving their docks during the last 25 years, while, with the exception of the new viaduct, which cost £3,000,000, little has been done to improve the roads that serve them.

Possibilities of the New Plan

It is an excellent thing, therefore, that the five Authorities for these roads have joined with the Port Authority and the Ministry of Transport in promoting a scheme which will cost £1,500,000. A new road with viaducts over four level-crossings and a swing bridge is to be built to docks at Silvertown. A bridge costing over £100,000 is to be constructed over the entrance to Millwall Dock in the Isle of Dogs, and three bridges are to be rebuilt in the Surrey Docks at Rotherhithe.

Nearer the City there is to be much widening of roads, and Wapping will cease to be congested.

We hope the proposed expenditure is only a beginning, for there is a great opportunity in these districts for schemes of rehousing.

THINGS SAID

Not since the Middle Ages has liberty of thought been in such danger in Europe as it is today. Times Literary Supplement

Nobody ever changes his religion; Those who appear to change it never had any to change. Bishop of Chelmsford

A sort of Whipsnade might be arranged for those who must make a noise. Lord Horder

I shall not light candles on my altar again until this tyrannical Church Government is overthrown.

Pastor Korn of Ansbach, Bavaria

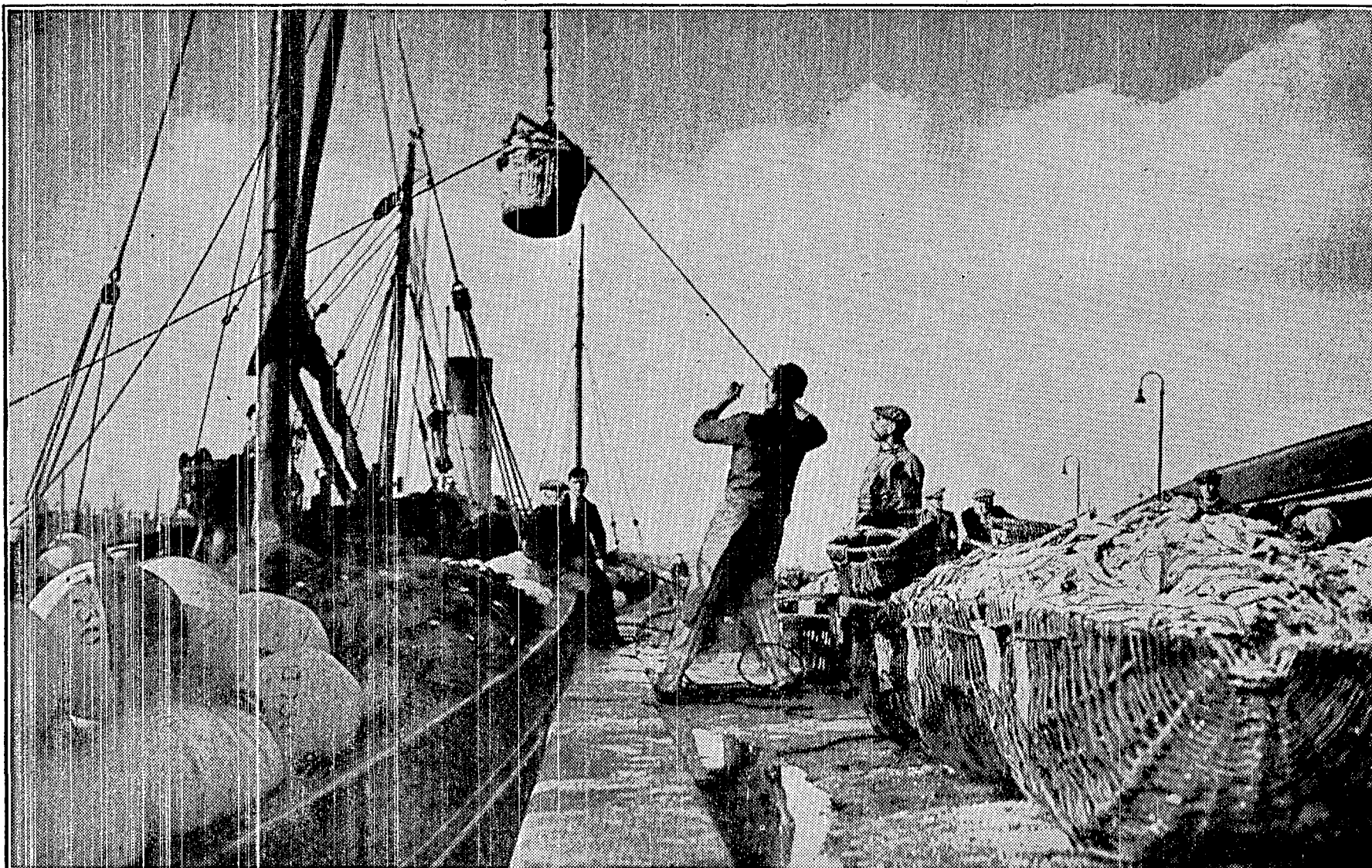
Something like £10,000,000 a year is spent by the men of this country on shirts, collars, ties, cuffs, and cravats.

Secretary to Board of Trade

AUTUMN HARVEST OF LAND AND SEA—MAIZE AND HERRINGS



Harvest of the Land—Reaping the maize on a farm at New Romney in Kent. The grain is a valuable food for horses and poultry



Harvest of the Sea—Landing a catch of herrings on the quay at Yarmouth

OUR PROUD FREEDOM

A BLOW AT IT

What Parliament May Do in the Next Few Weeks

THE SEDITION BILL AND WHAT IT MEANS

The price of liberty is eternal vigilance.
John Philpot Curran

Parliament is to have before it in its new session one of the most important questions in the world, our Liberty.

Men in every walk in life are taking part in meetings and demonstrations in opposition to what is called the Sedition Bill, which was introduced into Parliament early in the year and is now due to be passed.

Its actual title is the Incitement to Disaffection Bill, and its most important clause entitles two magistrates to issue a search warrant giving power to the police to enter any public or private building in which it is suspected that writings might be found which could be said to incite soldiers or sailors to neglect their duty.

Incitement To Disaffection

There is already a law which forbids the distribution of any literature to the Forces with a view to persuading them to mutiny; and those who are opposing the new measure consider that this is quite sufficient. There are many pamphlets published which declare that war is an unchristian and unsocial act, and under this new Bill a man might be sent to prison for four months if he was found in possession of such literature and intended to send it to any place where soldiers and sailors might see it. This means that any club or bookstall could not display any book or newspaper which had a paragraph stating that troops ought not to be ordered to fire on strikers, and we assume that articles protesting against the bombing of natives in villages might easily be called incitement to disaffection.

Peace Books and the Police Court

But the Bill does more than this. Under it your house can be searched for copies of any documents, and certain Peace books found on your bookshelves might bring you to the police court. Even some copies of the C.N. might be a compromising possession.

Ever since the 17th century this country has stood for the right of free speech and for the expression in literature of every kind of opinion. At present it is lawful to publish any opinions, however unpopular they may be, provided they do not urge readers to break the law. But if this Bill is passed every loyal citizen will have to think very carefully before he speaks or writes on the question of war and peace.

The Right of Search

The Prime Minister himself both spoke and wrote very strongly against the entry of this country into the European War, to which he was strongly opposed, and if this proposed law had then been in existence he would have received short shrift from a patriotic jury in 1914. So it would have been with Mr Lloyd George at the time of the South African War 15 years before.

The right of search opens up grave possibilities of misuse and injustice, as we know from Tsarist Russia and Hitler Germany, where police have uncontrolled powers. Not once but many times incriminating documents have been placed in the desk of an unpopular writer and then conveniently found. A civilised State guards against such possible happenings, but this Bill would make them probable.

The Council for Civil Liberties, which is organising the opposition to the Bill, is asking that the Bill should be dropped or, if proceeded with, should be amended

MR TOOM

In all the length and breadth of the Baltic States there is only one Watcher Toom.

There is not a C.N. reader who would fail to like the sturdy man, with his bright shrewd eyes and his ruddy skin, buffeted by sea winds.

Watcher Toom has 16 official jobs, and one of them is the post of lighthouse-keeper on the island of Vilsandi. It is the most westerly point of Estonian territory, and is a tiny, gale-swept place where about 200 people are hardy enough to live. Toom has made it famous.

Just beyond the island, overlooked by the lighthouse, are six tiny islets.

Here, when Toom came to the lighthouse in 1906, sheep used to graze, and it grieved Toom to see how the shepherds robbed the birds who nested on the islets. He loved birds, and at last felt he could not bear to see their trouble any longer, so he rented the islands.

Estonia's First Bird Sanctuary

After that he could look out happily, because no one was allowed on the islets unless they were friends of his tenants the birds.

He had created the first bird sanctuary in Estonia, and there is still nothing like it in all the Baltic States.

War and revolution have come and gone. There is no Tsar in Russia: the island of Vilsandi is part of the Republic of Estonia; but Toom's tenants have noticed no change.

The sanctuary has been placed by the Government under the care of the University of Tartu (Dorpat is the German name), but Toom is still the Watcher, who looks after the birds.

He even builds them houses. The islets are very small, and the birds have flocked hither in such numbers since they found a welcome that every scrap of room must be used. So Toom builds bird tenements of two storeys from stones or timber salvaged from the sea, and he roofs over open cracks in the rocks. Into every crack and cranny grateful birds stuff a nest.

The strangest home of all is made from a sea mine which was washed up, and instantly turned into a block of bird flats by Watcher Toom.

Some of Toom's Tenants

Among his tenants are the Eider Duck (who built 600 nests in 1932), Shelduck, Tufted Duck, Velvet Scoter, Goosander, Red-breasted Merganser, Great and Lesser Black-backed Gull, Black-headed Gull, Common Gull, Common Tern, Arctic Tern, Oyster Catcher, Ringed Plover, Redshank, and Turnstone. A room in the lighthouse has been turned into a museum, and Estonians speak of Toom as the Bird King.

Toom is still lighthouse-keeper of Vilsandi. He is in charge of the lifeboat, and is inspector of lighthouses on the islands of Saaremaa and Mohn. He has many other duties as well, but he finds time to be one of the best landlords in the world as well.

Mr A. H. Keenan has told his story in the autumn number of Bird Notes and News, and we feel that there are hundreds of people who will be glad to meet (even though it is only in print) the Lighthouse-Keeper of Vilsandi.

Continued from the previous column

so as to give to a judge alone the power of issuing a search warrant, and by modifying certain clauses.

Lovers of liberty need to scrutinise Bills of this kind very closely, for once they are on the Statute Book they may be used for purposes very different from those for which they were intended. This Bill restricts one of our most precious rights, which lies at the bottom of our proud freedom. There can be little doubt that all friends of the Government hope it will remove from the Bill any danger which would strike a blow at liberty in these difficult times.

B.B.C. AT SCHOOL

Next Week's Best Things

Here are some of next week's best things from the B.B.C. Talks to Schools in the National programme.

Monday

2.5. Dr B. A. Keen on the Practice and Science of Gardening, deals with Buried Treasure. Everyone knows the story of the father who, when dying, told his sons that a treasure was buried in his field. No treasure had actually been buried there, but Dr Keen will explain how and why the sons found wealth nevertheless. He will go on to describe modern methods used by farmers in digging their soil.

2.30. Professor Eileen Power will tell how Rome grew from a City State and became an Empire, how she united Italy and conquered the lands round the Mediterranean Sea. Professor Power will show how much the Romans learned from the Greeks and will describe the work of the Roman Empire.

Tuesday

11.30. Regional Geography: Oasis Dwellers of the Sahara. The Tuaregs Mr E. W. Bovill described last week are not the only inhabitants of the Sahara. This week he is going to talk about the various kinds of oasis in the desert and the people who live there. There is a perpetual struggle against the sand-dunes which are everlastingly encroaching on the extremely limited area of oases, where water is so scarce that people have many ingenious ways of sharing it and many laborious ways of safeguarding its continual supply.

2.5. Round the Countryside. Here we can go for a walk with Eric Parker, one of our most interesting countryside men.

Wednesday

2.5. There will be an interlude in the English History series dealing with the Restoration. The King enjoys his own again. Today schools are to hear what different people thought about the Restoration. Charles the Second is welcomed boisterously back to England after suffering the depression and squalor of his exile on the Continent.

2.30. Some Books I Like: The Black Arrow. Mr Howard Marshall is to talk about another of the books he likes.

Thursday

11.30. Districts of England: The Dalesmen. Mr K. G. Spence will describe the people of the dales, their sheepdog trials and the racing, wrestling, and hunting that were features of the district in days of old. Lead pencils and Lake Poets came from Cumberland, and Mr Spence will have something to say of both.

2.5. Tracing History Backwards: The House of Commons Now. Listeners must imagine themselves in the Strangers Gallery in the House of Commons with Mr Addleshaw. They will see the Speaker arrive and will sit through Question Time and the Second Reading of a Bill.

2.30. Professor Winifred Cullis, in the series on How Life is Lived, will give her second talk on the Eye. She will discuss focusing, the effects of colours, and the various means by which we instinctively prevent our eyes from coming to harm.

Friday

2.5. Dr C. D. Forde will talk on Oranges and Lemons, taking listeners through Southern California by train. Leaving the Cactus Desert we shall run through the high mountain range to the orchards and fields on the western coast. Here the climate is like that of Southern Spain, and here still remain monasteries of the Spanish friars who first brought oranges, lemons, and other fruits for cultivation in California. Dr Forde will describe the packing-houses and fruit trains of today, how the growers fight frost, drought, and pests, and how water is obtained.

LAST POST AT MENIN GATE

A Custom That Will Last For Ever

SURREY'S TRIBUTE TO OUR HEROIC DEAD

Members of the British Legion in Surrey have taken steps to make permanent a little nightly ceremony at the Menin Gate in Ypres.

Here every sunset four buglers parade, all traffic comes to a standstill, and people stand to attention while the Last Post is sounded.

This little ceremony began shortly after the Menin Gate was built in 1927, when the Chief of the Police of Ypres sent two buglers to the Gate to sound the Belgian Retreat.

Then these buglers were taught the Last Post, as this call rings out over the graves of all English soldiers and was more appropriate to the memorial.

Down the Centuries

The men of Surrey felt that this was a custom which on no account must be allowed to wane, and for some years now they have been collecting the small sum of money necessary to provide a Trust Fund to pay for it. They have collected £400, which is to be handed over next Easter to Belgian trustees, who will invest it in State bonds.

So down the centuries will ring out this stirring sound to remind all who pass by of the thousands of British soldiers who fought and died to preserve Ypres for Belgium.

It is in memory of the 56,000 men killed in the Salient here whose bodies rest in no known grave that this magnificent Gate was built.

In galleries within the arch their names are inscribed in letters of gold, while above the arch, looking down over the fields in which they fell, is a lion symbolising their courage.

It is in honour of these men and of the 200,000 more who fell with them here, that the Belgian bugles ring out amid a deep silence that can be felt.

ADVENTURES ROUND THE WORLD

Stories of Men and Animals

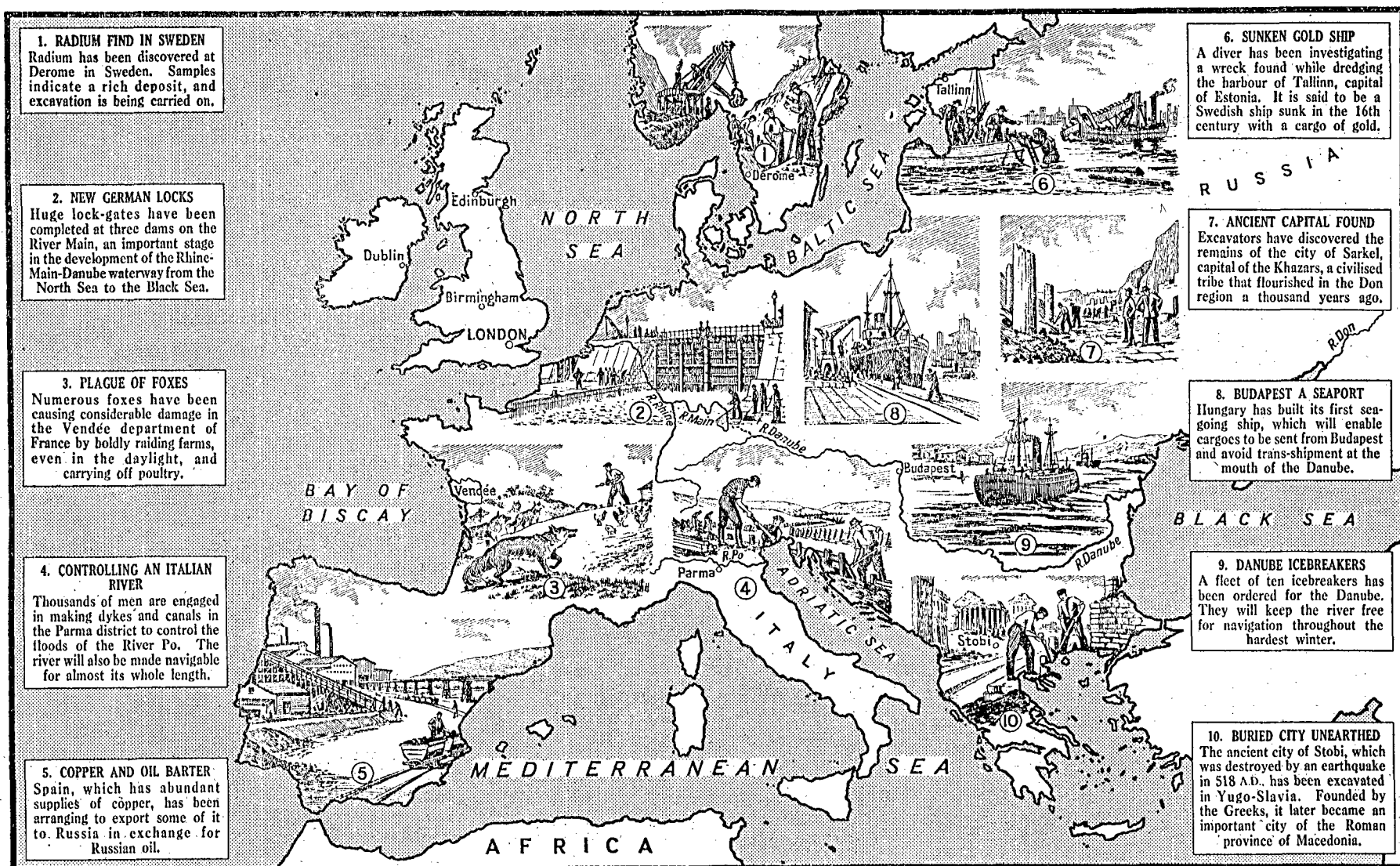
Two capital half-crown books have been sent out by Messrs Longmans, on Real Adventure and Creatures of the Wilds, and they are likely to lead to the reading of many others, for the stories in them are taken from longer narratives of adventure.

In Creatures of the Wilds Axel Munthe tells the surprising tale of a bear, and Sir Percy Fitzpatrick wrote about the Tiger and the Baboons when his children demanded something that was all true, with nothing left out. We read, too, about sharks, and the astounding story of the men who went whaling and were stranded on their whale.

The book of Real Adventure also has some animal stories, for if you go trading on the West Coast of Africa, as Mary Kingsley did, you expect to come in contact with crocodiles. Then Major Evans tells how he escaped from Germany during the war; Kingsley Fairbridge, who gave so many boys their chance of adventure by his scheme for Child Emigration to the Colonies, recounts strange happenings in Africa; and there are the immortal stories of Shackleton's boat journey from Elephant Island after the Endurance had been crushed in the ice, the conquest of Kamet, described by Francis Smythe, who was one of the party which reached the top, and Captain Scott's own account of that last march from the South Pole.

These and all the other thrilling adventures in the book were lived within the last fifty years; modern civilisation has not ruled out the opportunity for glorious endeavour.

THE C.N. PICTURE-NEWS MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER EUROPE



THREE SEPTEMBERS

How Our Trade Has Grown

We exported nearly £34,000,000 worth of British goods in September.

This cheerful figure compares with those of the last two Septembers: £26,220,000 in 1932, and £32,220,000 in 1933.

Nearly all branches of industry contributed to the improvement. We exported last month nearly twice as much iron and steel as two years ago. Motor-cars also did well, the exports being £356,000 against only £184,000 in September 1932. Artificial silk was another excellent item. Imports of raw cotton and wool were down.

Dominion trade is improving, and it seems that we are also doing better in protected foreign markets. The Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade has just stated the trade policy of the Government in clear terms. He said that we demanded the right to select our imports and to say where principally they were to come from. We were prepared, in developing our policy of selection, to have due regard to the treatment of our exports by other countries.

LONDON WATER FROM WALES?

Although ours is such a well-watered island it is doubtful if supplies of water could be furnished for all our people if everyone indulged in a daily bath.

It is easy to use 40 or 50 gallons of water for a bath, and a simple calculation shows what a drain would be caused by such a daily bath for everyone.

The provision of baths in new small houses and flats in London seems to have made an appreciable difference to the London water problem.

It is becoming dangerous to rely on the Thames Valley to meet the growing demands. Probably water must be obtained from Wales, which could furnish 200 million gallons a day. Here is a great national work for a National Government to be doing.

WHERE IS HE

A Londoner Looks About Him

Those who go from a compact little provincial town to make a new home in one of the outer suburbs of London must often wonder where they really are.

They seem to be in a different place for every separate need. How they must sigh for those centralised satellite towns of our town-planning reformers!

Endless confusion and waste arise from our present haphazard methods of development, with the areas of public and semi-public bodies overlapping.

A man who lives in the postal district of North Harrow has taken pains to set out in a letter to a newspaper the names of all the places to which he belongs for one purpose or another.

He is a voter for the Parish Council of Harrow Weald, whose offices are at Stanmore, but when he votes for a Parliamentary candidate he belongs to Hendon. Yet his assessment for rates comes from Edgware, and if he is summoned for declining to pay them he has to attend the Petty Sessions at Wealdstone. His telephone exchange is Hatch End and his nearest railway station is Headstone Lane, while his gas comes from Brentford, his electricity from Pinner, and his water from Bushey.

This good man, at any rate, has learned some local geography.

A TEN MILLION CANDLE POWER BEACON

A new type of incandescent electric lamp has been made with a tiny coil of tungsten wire itself made into a coil.

The coiled coil filament is mounted inside a glass bulb about a foot in diameter. So intense is the light given off by the concentrated filament that new lamps fitted in the lighthouse at Westschouwen in Holland have provided a beam of ten million candle-power, so strong that it has been possible to dispense with the lightship near by.

DANGEROUS FILM AGAIN

The Toy Kinema Peril

One more grave accident with a toy kinema draws attention to the need for stricter legislation.

A boy was using a toy projector in his bedroom when the film caught fire and set the house ablaze. The boy escaped by leaping from the window, but was seriously burned. There was a quantity of celluloid film in the house.

The sale of film to children under 16 is illegal, but there is no restriction on its purchase by adults. The Celluloid Act makes it illegal to store over 80 lbs weight of film if kept for sale or hire or profit, but there is no restriction on the quantity that may be kept by private persons for their own use.

It is now many years since the C.N. began to urge that Safety Film should be compulsory in the rich film trade.

O TO BE IN NEW ZEALAND

From Our Post-bag

Spring greetings to the C.N.

September is daffodil time in New Zealand. Everywhere there are daffodils blooming, and the trees are bursting into leaf. Plum trees are now like sheets of living snow, and peach trees a blaze of pink. Every home has peach trees in its garden here.

The last few games of football and hockey are being played this month, and the newspapers are busy chronicling reports of tennis and cricket clubs, making preparations for the start of the new season for summer sports. All the new season's lambs and calves have now arrived to swell the population of our New Zealand pastures.

This month corresponds to your March in England, except that the weather is much warmer and the flowers and trees more advanced in their preparations for summer, because our winter is much shorter and our summer much longer than yours. So it is

O to be in New Zealand
Now September's here!

A BID FOR FREEDOM

Small Rift in a Black Cloud AFRICA'S GREATEST BAR TO PROGRESS

A small new rift in the black cloud of slavery, still darkening parts of Africa, appears in the Cameroons.

The Cameroons are a part of West Africa which once was a byword for all the cruelties of the slave trade, and the old tradition dies hard. Only a few years ago there was a revival of the slavery and child stealing which we hoped had been stamped out in this territory under the British mandate.

Except in one district the vigorous action taken by our French neighbours as well as ourselves has put it down again. Better than that, native opinion is strong against it.

The Africans of the West Coast are determined not to have the unholy thing, and while that determination continues there is every hope that in a few years slavery will disappear from this part of Africa. If only the spirit would spread to Abyssinia and parts of Arabia, Africa might hope to be rid of its greatest curse and its greatest bar to progress.

THE JUDGE REMEMBERS

A Porter's Shilling a Week

Each year for 41 years George Greenhouse has received a gift equal to a shilling a week. This is why.

One morning in 1893 Judge Sir Alfred Tobin was waiting on Hooton Station for his train. His custom was to wait until it came in sight, and then cross the line. That morning he started to cross, forgetting that another train was coming in the opposite direction, but Porter George Greenhouse ran forward and dragged him to safety. The judge rewarded him with £5 then, and every year since he has received a cheque on the anniversary of the day when he saved the judge's life.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 3 1934

It Is a Good World

We give our Pulpit this week to one of the clearest thinkers in the world, General Smuts, who had this to say to the students of St Andrews University the other day.

WE console ourselves with the truism that we are living in most interesting times, but the hard truth is that they are the most anxious and critical times which mankind has faced for many centuries.

Speaking here today to you, the young people of this university, an old, hard-bitten campaigner like myself might be asked how I view the prospect before us, what message I have from my own experience, as one who has gone through the immense experience of our generation, to those who now stand on the threshold of this new world.

My fundamental impression of life I can give you in words which most of you know from your childhood. They occur on the first page of the greatest book in the world. They come from the youth of the world, and today in its maturity they are truer than ever. The world is good.

We need not approve of all the items in it, nor of all the individuals in it; but the world itself, which is more than its parts or individuals, which has a soul, a spirit, a fundamental relation to each of us deeper than all other relations, is a friendly world. It has born us; it has carried us onward; it has humanised us and guided our faltering footsteps throughout the long and slow advance; it has endowed us with strength and courage. It has proved a real vale of soul-making and created for us visions, dreams, ideals which are still further moulding us on eternal lines. It is full of tangles, of ups and downs. There is always enough to bite on, to sharpen wits on, to test our courage and manhood. It is indeed a world built for heroism, but also for beauty, tenderness, mercy.

There is nothing in the nature of things which is alien to what is best in us. There is no malign fatalism which makes fools of us in our dark striving toward the good. On the contrary, what is highest in us is deepest in the nature of things, and as virtue is its own reward so life carries its own sanctions and the guarantee of its own highest fulfilments and perfections. That is my ultimate *Credo*; and it is not founded on hearsay, but on my first-hand experience in that cross-section of the world which I have lived through. This is no doubt a slender basis of fact for so large a conclusion, but the final convictions are not inductions from experience, but insights into it. I remain at heart an optimist.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Flying-Men and Little Fishes

FOR this relief much thanks: a bombing range has been abandoned by the Air Council in consideration of little fishes.

There must now be some hope that the Air Council will abandon noisy flying by night in consideration of country people who are kept awake by planes which nearly hit their roofs.

One Man—22 Convictions

WE have been reading two paragraphs in the road news.

One was of a street in which there had been 48 accidents in 21 months.

The other was of a lorry driver who has been 22 times convicted and has now been in an accident which killed a cyclist.

Is it not time that we were able to print a third paragraph saying that magistrates as well as pedestrians should do their duty? We suppose there is no parallel in our history for the hopelessness of our bench in dealing with the road hog.

Improving

OUR hotels are improving, and the noisy hotel, which Lord Horder has been speaking so merrily about, is becoming a thing of the past.

For years it was the custom of one hotel we know in Belgravia to call out its kitchen orders at the top of the human voice, so that at least 200 people living in a square close by heard every time the kitchen was busy with a welsh rabbit or a sausage.

By some clever device this hotel has found a better way; it is wonderful how even the English hotel improves.

The Doctor

ECONOMY can be carried too far. We have just read about a supremely impertinent piece of thrift, in a book which is new-old.

Lady Nugent kept her Journal when her husband governed Jamaica 130 years ago; but the West India Committee has just published a new edition of that entertaining work.

In those far-off days there was born a little boy whose parents had him christened Doctor George William David. Doctor certainly seemed a strange Christian name; but there was a reason for bestowing it. Later on it would save a diploma!

These Two

IT is Professor Bragg again for the Christmas Lectures at the Royal Institution, yet not the Bragg who has so often delighted us. This time it is not the father, but the son.

It is one more opportunity for the C.N. to compliment them both, Professor Bragg on his brilliant father and Professor Bragg on his brilliant son. We suppose that in all our history of professors there has never been a happier case than this.

Is There Anything Better?

By Dr H. S. Russell

IF we wish to approach Christianity in a new way we might try it rather in the scientific way by saying:

Here is teaching. Can you show anywhere better teaching? Is there anyone who teaches better? Is there any other system that is better than the system of Christ? If there is let us have it. Let us hear about it. If there is not, let us give Him our homage and let us learn from Him all that He has to say.

Tip-Cat

BLUE-EYED people are supposed to be good tempered. Anyhow they can't give black looks.

LESS tinned fruit is coming from foreign sources. The foreigners eat what they can.

TAKE something to read when you go on a journey, says a lady. That's the ticket.

WE are promised sootless homes. Or is this only another dream that will end in smoke?

A MAN has made a wireless set he can put in his pocket. Many of ours are out-of-pocket sets.

SOME people can sting with a look. Know how to use their eye-lashes.

PEDESTRIANS are to be taught the A B C of the road. This ought to stop them J walking.

A RADIO omelette is announced in a programme. Probably the eggs are to be relaid.

A READER complains of cold treatment at the post office. The P.O.-lar regions.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

PICTURES can now be wirelessed from England to Australia.

WESTMINSTER CITY is to abolish its horse transport.

IN two years the world's unemployed has fallen from 29 to 22 millions.

FLOWER-BEDS have taken the place of a war tank in Mansfield's park.

SOMERSET COUNTY COUNCIL is stopping advertisements within 200 yards of its chief roads.

THERE are now over a million people working on motor-cars in this country.

JUST AN IDEA

Mankind is always happier, as Sydney Smith said, for having been happy, so that if you make people happy now you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it.

Picture of a Happy Man

We all know the first of these Pictures of a Happy Life, written by Sir Henry Wotton in 1614, but how many know the second, written two years before by John Davies?

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest
thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters
are;
Whose soul is still prepared for
death,

Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance
doth raise,

Nor vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given
by praise;

Nor rules of state but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumours
freed;

Whose conscience is his strong
retreat;

Whose state can neither flatterers
feed,

Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to
lend;

And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile
bands

Of hope to rise or fear to fall:

Lord of himself, though not of
lands,

And, having nothing, yet hath all.

It would appear certain that in writing the above Sir Henry Wotton had just read this:

How blest is he (though ever
crossed)

That can all crosses blessings make;
That finds himself ere he be lost;
And lose that found for virtue's
sake.

Yea, blest is he in life and death,
That fears not death, nor loves
this life;

That sets his will his wit beneath;
And hath continual peace in strife.

That lives too low for envy's looks;
And yet too high for loathed
contempt;

Who makes his friends good men
and books,

And nought without them doth
attempt.

That fears no frowns, nor cares for
fawns

Of Fortune's favourites or foes,
That neither checks with kings
nor pawns;

And yet still wins what checkers
lose.

That never looks but grace to find;
Nor seeks for knowledge to be
known:

That makes a kingdom of his mind,
Wherein, with God, he reigns
alone.

This man is great with little state,
Lord of the World epitomised:

Who with staid front out-faceth
Fate;

And, being empty, is sufficed.

TRUMPET CALL THE TIN GOD ON THE RUBBISH HEAP General Smuts's Rousing Appeal To Youth OUR HUMAN FREEDOM

Those who are not yet old can remember a Boer General who was fighting against England under President Kruger, a figure now standing out in the past as a sort of medieval chieftain.

Today the Boer General is a Trumpet Voice in Europe, General Smuts, who has come to this country once more to address the students of St Andrews as their Lord Rector.

No nobler speech has been made in our time than his, and we are delighted to see that it is published under the title of Freedom by Alexander MacLehose.

The Great War, says General Smuts, has left behind an immense midden-heap of rubbish, and in the place of the old freedom is growing up a new sort of hero-worship and a new tyranny, sapping the foundations of individual character, and making the individual prostrate before his national leader as before a god.

It is this tin god on the rubbish heap, the new tyrant of the world, who is a danger, in General Smuts's opinion, greater than the danger of war.

We take the following passages from the Lord Rector's address.

By General Smuts

As an old soldier in this cause I hope you will excuse me when I state thus bluntly my views on the dangers ahead as I see them. The issue of freedom, the most fundamental issue of all our civilisation, is once more squarely raised by what is happening in the world. The danger signals are up in many colours and in many lands. The new tyranny, disguised in attractive patriotic colours, is enticing youth everywhere into its service.

Freedom must make a great counter-stroke to save itself and our fair Western civilisation.

The Supreme Issue

Once more the heroic call is coming to our youth. The fight for human freedom is indeed the supreme issue of the future, as it has been in the past.

Although the ancient homelands of constitutional liberty in the West are not yet seriously affected we have to confess sadly that over large parts of Europe the cult of force (what in the Great War we used to call Prussianism) has for the moment triumphed. Popular self-government and Parliaments are disappearing. The guarantees for private rights and civil liberties are going. Minorities are trampled upon; dissident views are not tolerated and are forcibly suppressed. For those who do not choose to fall into line there is the concentration camp, the distant labour camp in the wilds, or on the islands of the sea.

The Challenge of the Times

Intellectual freedom is disappearing with political freedom. Freedom of conscience, of speech, of the Press, of thought and teaching, is in extreme danger. One party in the State usurps power and suppresses its opponents and becomes the State. The Press is made to write to order, and public opinion is manufactured for the support of the autocracy.

Even freedom of religion is no longer safe, and religious persecution, after being long considered obsolete, once more shows its horrid head.

The countries which have always been in the forefront of the historic fight for

MY LADY IN THE CHIMNEY CORNER

A GOLDEN key for a cottage! It seems a queer thing to make, although, of course, golden or silver keys are often made for the ceremonial opening of great public buildings.

The cottage in question has become a public building. It has been bought by public subscription and turned into a tiny museum.

Thousands of people have read about it in Dr Alexander Irvine's famous book, *My Lady of the Chimney Corner*.

My Lady was his mother. In this poor cottage in Pogues Entry, in the little town of Antrim, Dr Irvine was born, and the book tells how the family fared.

The child who learned so much in the chimney corner came back the other day, a man of 70, famous as an author and preacher, to see his birthplace transformed into an Irvine museum. Distinguished people were present, an admiring crowd smiled on their famous countryman, and it was then that Dr Irvine was given a golden key.

No doubt he will take back pleasant memories to his new home in California. But, standing by the cottage, how he must have wished the key were an iron one, and he a boy in a shabby coat, and his mother waiting for him in the Chimney Corner!

THE COMET FLASHES BY



The De Havilland Comet flown by Mr C. W. A. Scott and Mr T. Campbell Black halfway round the world, from Mildenhall to Melbourne, in less than three days. See page 2

Continued from the previous column

liberty have a very grave duty imposed on them. They cannot refuse the challenge of the times. They dare not abandon the cause which our forefathers rightly placed along with religion itself as calling for the highest loyalty and the greatest sacrifices.

For even more than political principles and constitutions are at stake. The vision of freedom, of the liberation of the human spirit from its primeval bondage, is perhaps the greatest light which has yet dawned on our human horizon. It forms the real spur of progress, the lure of our race in its ceaseless striving toward the future. According to Plato the movement of the world is from brute force to freedom, from fate or necessity to reason, from compulsion to persuasion.

Inner freedom and harmony of soul; social freedom and equality before the law as the foundation of the State; international freedom in the rule of

peace and justice: these should be the creative ideals of the new age, instead of the sterilising repressions of the past and the still more sterilising tyrannies which are forging new shackles for the human spirit.

Creative freedom is the watchword of the new order, to the realisation of which we should bend our energies.

I have no doubt that the present disquieting phase will pass, and that a new renaissance of the European spirit will follow. What a glorious opportunity to our youth today to live in times when the situation is once more fluid and the world is once more in the remaking! Are we going to leave a free field to those who threaten our fundamental human ideals and our proudest heritage from the past? Or are we going to join in the battle, the age-long battle which has been going forward from the dawn of history, for the breaking of our bonds and the enlargement of our range of free choice and free action?

KING HITLER THE MAN OVER ALL

What Next in the Story of the
New Napoleon?

THE STATE UNPARALLELED

The children of today are witnessing a drama of events such as their fathers never dreamed of in their youth, events more startling than the life of Napoleon.

History is being made more quickly than ever before. Every boy and girl will do well to watch the events which must shape their own lives.

The World War ended in the downfall of the German Empire. It was a brief Empire, for it was proclaimed at Versailles in 1871, France being doubly humiliated by disastrous defeat and by seeing the unity of Germany established in her very capital. Less than 50 years later the Kaiser abdicated and fled and a German Republic was established, which accepted under protest the Peace of Versailles dictated to it in the very room where the German Empire had been set up.

The Leader

That Republic has now been overthrown by Herr Hitler, leader of the Nazis. On the death of Hindenburg he became Chancellor, and now this extraordinary man has decreed that all the Ministers must take an oath of personal loyalty to him as Fuhrer, which means Leader, so that Hitler has copied Mussolini, who is known as the Duce (pronounced Doochee) a title which also means Leader.

Leader is a very good title and a proud one to wear. We may note, however, this difference between the Italian Duce and the German Fuhrer. The Duce leads as a Prime Minister for life in a Kingdom whose monarch continues in being as a constitutional sovereign.

Absolute Monarch

Germany has now neither King nor Republic nor President, although apparently Hitler is President as well as Fuhrer. The Fuhrer becomes a virtual King. The German Ministers have sworn this oath of personal allegiance:

I swear to be loyal and obedient to Adolf Hitler, the Fuhrer of the German Reich and people; to devote my strength to the welfare of the German people; to maintain the laws; to fulfil conscientiously the duties devolving upon me; and to conduct my office impartially and justly toward all men. So help me God.

Germany is now a State without a parallel in history. She may be said to have no constitution. Hitler is an absolute monarch, who has either to rule with the goodwill of necessary subordinates or face dethronement.

What Next?

Secretary of State Dr Lammers has just said:

1. The Fuhrer is not responsible to the Reichstag. The German Ministers are responsible only to the Fuhrer.
2. In the Nazi State there is no need for a constitution because the wave of the Nazi revolution has swept over the whole people and borne with it a new conception of the State.

3. The Nazi revolution has brought a profound change in the outlook on life, which leaves no more room for parties, classes, and castes, and only allows the individual to count as an organic part of the whole nation.

What next, we wonder?

It is an astounding situation. Compared with Hitler's story, the story of Napoleon is almost dull, for this man was nobody, then a prisoner, then a house painter, then an agitator, and is now accepted as a King by nearly 70,000,000 Germans.

One other thing is true:

There is no provision for what will happen when Adolf Hitler passes away.

U.S. COPIES US INSURING THE WORKERS

What the Depression Has
Taught America

RICH NATION IN ADVERSITY

The pinch of adversity has brought about a change in North American opinion of British social legislation.

America, under President Roosevelt, is planning a scheme of Social Insurance framed on our model. Canada also has come to see that a State is wise to pool social risks so that when adversity comes there is a plan at work to help the individual citizen and the nation to which he belongs.

Six years ago the United States thought itself secure. Prices were high and speculation was rife. We were considered to be a back number, one of a number of effete European nations. Our social insurances were derided as subversive of commerce and industry, and as assaults on individual liberty.

Artificial Poverty

Then came the financial, commercial, and industrial crash which shook the United States to its economic foundations. Abounding in natural wealth, America yet found herself plunged into a purely artificial poverty arising from her own lack of reasonable organisation. The Federal and State Governments found themselves lacking power of control and action. The private persons and corporations which really ruled America lost their heads. After six years the great nation is still in distress, with many millions of unemployed and one in six of the population in receipt of some form of charitable relief.

The election of President Roosevelt (marked by the closing of every American bank on his day of inauguration) provided America with a capable executive head, but the new chief had to legislate in a hurry, to improvise schemes, and to face the opposition of the majority of financiers and big business men. He has worked nobly, but he has not yet succeeded in building the new America at which he aims.

Among the new plans under way is the great measure of social insurance of which we have spoken. It is to cover all the hazards of the common man: accident bringing death or injury; sickness; Old Age Pensions; premature death; and unemployment.

Our System

The President has been greatly impressed by the part played here by the Social Insurance Funds, and his Secretary of Labour, Miss Perkins, echoes his view when she says:

The British insurance system had played an undoubtedly important part in preventing the depression from reaching the depths seen in the United States. The circulation of the very considerable sums of money spent by the British workers on the weekly necessities of life kept thousands of small merchants from ruin. This had acted materially as a stabilising influence in production.

There is great truth in this. It can be claimed that even in 1931, in the depth of our trade depression, our working-classes were better off than in normal times before the operation of insurance.

It should be added, however, that even better than insurance is the prevention of need for it. If the present slum schemes had been ready in 1929 much unemployment might have been avoided.

THREE FARTHINGS A DAY

Perhaps the best investment any nation can make is the money spent in educating its children.

Three farthings a day is stated to be the cost of educating each child in the State schools of New Zealand. Yet for this small outlay New Zealand is able to provide its children with a splendid system of education that would be a credit to any country.

CLAY'S OPEN SECRET

Who Will Unravel It?

A CHANCE FOR A DISCOVERER
WITH ALUMINIUM

Common clay is mainly a silicate of aluminium, and the pure metal can be extracted from it in the laboratory.

Who will be the world benefactor to discover how cheaply to extract the metal, which now has to be obtained from bauxite and other ores. Bauxite is an earthy substance, an impure hydrate of alumina, largely found in North Ireland.

Dr W. R. C. Coode Adams points out that, while in 1885 the world's production of aluminium was 13 tons, in 1926 it was 200,000 tons. It is still increasing, for there is no other metal capable of such a variety of uses.

The bright form of the metal can be prepared as a mirror, having as good reflection as a silver mirror, and the surface, unprotected by glass, has extraordinary robustness.

We await only a cheap method of obtaining aluminium from clay "to turn a world of dirty, rusty iron into one light, shining, and many coloured."

Aluminium is unknown in a native form, yet is one of the chief constituents of the world's crust, coming next after oxygen and silicon. Aluminium and silicon combine in the clays we know so well.

Aluminium is bluish white, and while hard is yet malleable, ductile, and remarkably light. Also it resists corrosion because it films with oxide which protects its substance.

Who, then, will solve for us the open secret of common clay?

GREAT OIL-PIPE

An Engineering Triumph

The first oil running through the new pipe-line which comes direct from the Kirkuk oilfields in Northern Iraq arrived at Haifa recently.

It had travelled 600 miles, and marks the end of a great feat of engineering. The undertaking, backed by British, French, American, and Dutch interests, began in 1925, following the revision of the oil concessions. The first branch line was completed first, and oil arrived at Tripoli in July.

The whole pipe measures 1200 miles and links Kirkuk in Iraq with Mediterranean ports, branching at Haditha in Iraq to Haifa and Tripoli. The pipe-line is made of 10 and 12-inch steel pipes.

THE POWERS AND THEIR WARSHIPS

JAPANESE TALK IN
LONDON

The Peaceful Conference Which
Replaces Rivalry in Building

THREE IN FIVE

Two of the greatest advances toward peace were the Washington Treaty among the five great Powers (ourselves and America, Japan, France, and Italy) arranging the proportional strength of their large warships, and the London Treaty of 1930, under which they agreed not to build new capital ships from that year until 1936.

The London Treaty falls due for revision next year, and representatives of the nations concerned are beginning to discuss the provisions which they wish to have revised. This meeting together in friendly discussion is a tremendous advance on what happened in the years before the war, when each nation was a law unto itself, building up its navy regardless of every other.

The Race in Armaments

In accordance with this new principle, devised to prevent the race in armaments which eventually leads to war, a representative from Japan, Admiral Yamamoto, has come to London to discuss his country's naval needs.

By the treaties Japan is allowed three battleships to every five in the British and American Navies, and no capital ships may be replaced until the end of next year. Japan objects to the ratio system, and suggests that every country should be permitted a minimum of armaments which it considers necessary for its defence, but that that minimum should not be large enough to be a menace to any other nation.

A statement from the Japanese Foreign Office has emphasised this demand, adding that Japan seeks reduction in tonnage for each nation so as to lighten the tax burden. The statement declares that Japan intends to terminate the Washington Treaty and conclude a new pact.

For years Chums Annual has been a favourite with boys. This year it has nearly 770 pages of adventure and school stories, fine pictures, and a magnificent colour plate, good value for 12s 6d.

MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL IS STANDING UP

STORY OF A PICTURE

Mr Edward Meyerstein Gives
Himself a Birthday Present

OPTIMISM REWARDED

There are two sorts of tastes in pictures, as we know; we have only to go to the Royal Academy to see what Art is and what some people call Art.

We may not like the picture which has just been bought from the Middlesex Hospital, but who can help liking the story of it? It is worth all the daubs which have been exhibited in our galleries for 20 years.

Ten years ago Middlesex Hospital was falling down, and, greatly daring, its Governors decided to raise a million pounds to reconstruct and expand every department. Some magnificent donations have been made toward this fund, the largest being an anonymous gift of £300,000 for a home for the nurses. Two other gifts, one of £30,000 for a new department for radium treatment and £70,000 for the final section of the new building, have been received. Mr Edward Meyerstein was the donor of these two sums, and the Governors invited him to become one of their number.

The Price on the Poster

At the first meeting at which he was present Mr Meyerstein expressed his thanks for the honour they had done him and said that it came particularly aptly because that day was his birthday; he proposed, therefore, to give himself a present. He was fond of pictures, and there was a picture outside the hospital which he wished to possess. That picture showed what was still needed to complete the new hospital, and the price upon it was £85,675. With their approval he would give them a cheque for that amount and take the picture down.

Then Mr Meyerstein wrote out his cheque and the picture outside the hospital was taken down.

Dreams and Hopes Fulfilled

Thus Mr Meyerstein brought to triumphant success the greatest individual effort ever made by a hospital in this country, and justified the opinion of the Governors ten years ago that money would be forthcoming for such a worthy cause as theirs.

It is a remarkable story to encourage those who will not be disheartened in these hard days. We remember a fine letter in The Times from Lord Milnamore, one of the managers of the hospital, on a Challenge to Optimism some years ago, and we are sure he must be gratified today to feel that all his dreams and hopes have been fulfilled.

THE FARMER AND HIS APPLES

Common Sense Finds Work
For 70 Men

A farmer of Lingfield in Surrey finding himself unable to get local men to pick 80 acres of apples applied to the Employment Exchange.

His request was passed on to the National Employment Exchange Service and the Agricultural Camps Committee, and as a result 70 unemployed men went down from London and lived under canvas for several weeks. They have been given good pay, and have worked willingly and with cheerfulness.

As an experiment it has met the needs of the farmer, who has been perfectly satisfied, and it has, of course, been of the greatest benefit to the men who have been engaged in it.

This camp has been so successful that it is confidently hoped to repeat it next year, and extend it to other camps as well. It is a good case of common sense and organisation.

Thousands of Prizes For Writing

Have you entered yet for the Great C.N. Handwriting Test? Money awards totalling £150 and 2000 other prizes are offered for the best specimens of handwriting sent by boys and girls from 7 to 18 who are at school in the British Isles.

The last date for receiving entries will be November 19, and as they can only be accepted through schools, readers are asked to show this announcement to their teachers, who can obtain supplies of entry forms by filling in and posting the form given below.

To give all an equal opportunity we have divided the test into three age groups: Group A for boys and girls of 7 to 10 inclusive; Group B from 11 to 13; Group C from 14 to 18. These money prizes will be awarded in each of these groups.

1st school prize, £25 1st pupil's prize, £5
2nd school prize, £10 2nd pupil's prize, £3
3rd school prize, £5 3rd pupil's prize, £2

The school prizes will go to the schools of the pupils winning the first three prizes in each group.

In addition to these prizes there will be 1000 Waterman fountain pens, value 15s 6d, and 1000 volumes of Arthur Mee's Children's Shakespeare. These consolation prizes will be divided among the groups according to the proportion of entries in each.

Each entry must have attached one coupon from the top left-hand corner of the back page of the C.N.

To the Editor, Children's Newspaper,
5 Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4. (Comp.)

Please send me a supply of Writing Test entry forms for my pupils.

There are.....on the roll of my school class.....Principal or Teacher

School.....

School Address.....

PLEASE ASK YOUR TEACHER TO FILL IN AND POST THIS FOR A SUPPLY OF ENTRY FORMS

Arthur Mee's Broadcast

Autumn Supplement to the Children's Newspaper—Number Three

THE POWER FOR EVER WORKING IN THE WORLD

Through unthinkable ages the Architect of the Universe prepared a home for man. We have been looking at the way we have come; let us try to realise something more of it, and of the wonder in which He has set us.

WE must fit our minds to the thought that God was in the beginning, is now, and ever will be. It is not for us to expect to be able to understand so great a mystery; we must accept it. The great natural processes, and the upward progress of the world, are all a part of Evolution, all a proof of some directing Mind. If some dramatic event occurred tomorrow by which there fell from the skies some power which destroyed all weapons of war, we should think it an act of God, but it would not be more so than the slow upbuilding of that love of peace which will destroy war in God's good time.

Man's Love of Justice

If the rule of force is doomed to fail, it is doomed because the love of Justice is deeply seated in the heart of man. Who put it there? Without this love of justice the world we know could not have been. There would have been no civilising generations of peace, none of those great periods of history in which man has found the way the brute has missed. Without this sense of justice we could not have freed the slaves, we could not have founded human liberty, we could not rule India. And this love of justice in the heart, this faith in something nobler than we know, is the working of the Mind of God in us; it is God intervening in our human lives.

We must not think God is not intervening because He does not intervene as we think best. If man had been at the beginning of the world he would have thought the ways of God beyond all understanding. He would have thought volcanoes stupid things, and deserts an appalling waste; but the more a man knows about this world the less he is likely to think like that.

Stronger Than Brute Force

Volcanoes and deserts are vital to us all, spreading the atmospheric dust without which there would be no rain. The reptile would have seemed useless and horrible then, but the reptile kept the rivers sweet through age after age, and long before man came, with his laws of health and sanitary systems, the earth was cleaned by vermin. For millions of years light and warmth were pouring down on the earth, but this power was not wasted. *Nature, as if knowing man was coming, saved it for him.*

All through these years God was intervening, and when at last man came, a puny thing against a mastodon, he brought a new thing with him which was stronger than brute force. In the struggle for the mastery of the earth it was David, and not Goliath, who conquered. If man was born to struggle, his struggle against Nature fitted him to master Nature.

The power that had made the earth for man and furnished it for him has not

deserted him. There are a thousand witnesses to this; let us look at a few.

Think of the microbe so small that the highest powers of science cannot reach it with a microscope. It has such constructive power that in an hour it will give rise to a million more, and such destructive power that it may annihilate a town. Such creatures could destroy the world; they could have made the earth unfit for man if they had not been checked. Who held this power in leash all these years? Who holds it still?

Think of the electricity with which the earth is highly charged; it is said to be charged with electrons to a potential of a billion volts, with thousands of millions of free electrons in every square inch of its surface. Who restrains and controls this appalling force of which all that we hear outside our own electric wires and wireless sets is a thunder-storm now and then? Think of the marvellous balance of the forces of life, the linking together of matter and life and all created things, with their varied needs and inclinations all balanced in the scale. *Who overrules it all?* The equality of the sexes, a thing beyond all human power—who maintains it?

We are bound to believe that it is brought about by powers outside the human race. It is not incredible. The

powers outside us are endless. Again and again in history the works of man have been stopped by some invisible force. Things no man has seen have brought great schemes of man to nought. The powers by which man conquers, the powers by which he may be overcome, are beyond all our understanding.

Is it easier to believe that they come from nothing, out of nowhere, than that they come from God? God has chosen these ways to control and direct the world. He has chosen the simple to confound the wise. We look for fire and thunder; but God is in the still small voice. It has ever been so.

God will not fling thunderbolts about, or let loose floods upon the earth, or send storms and lightnings with messages to man; but He will use the natural systems He has made to suit His purposes. He will work through the mind and soul of man. He will work through the growth of human knowledge and human love. The kingdom of heaven is within us. It works for ever through the world, building up and broadening out until it covers the earth, leavening here and leavening there until the whole is leavened.

LET us try to realise something of the wonder in the midst of which He, the Architect of the Universe, has set us. It is beyond our power to understand

the glory of the Universe. The plain truth of it is beyond the wildest reach of our imagining. We look up at the stars by night, and the stillness of the skies seems a wonderful thing; but it is more wonderful than we know, for the stars whirl about with unthinkable speed, dazzling space with their light for thousands of millions of miles.

Nothing that we know moves anything like so fast; no light that we have ever seen is anything like so bright. One small star among this host is a laggard, creeping through space at 8000 miles an hour, and attending him on his round is a tiny globe a million times smaller, lit up with the light of the laggard star.

The laggard is the Sun and the little globe is the Earth.

Gigantic Orion

The earth sweeps round the sun in a circle 180 million miles across. If the earth were big enough to fill this circle, instead of being so small that it is almost lost in it, it would need over a million earths like that to match Orion, a fragment of the Milky Way. The group of stars we call Orion is hundreds of millions of times as big as the earth; they are so far back in space from us that we see the stars as dots of light. Try to let the mind run back to them, and we are lost in the depths of a Universe that no man knows. The space the solar system occupies (the area within the path of Neptune) is said to be a thousand million times greater than the volume of the sun and all the planets. One of the smallest of the stars, a sort of atom in the Universe, smaller than any star we see by night, is our sun. But it is all the world to us, because it is so near. It is hardly a hundred million miles away; and to this nearness of the sun we owe our habitation on this earth, the produce of our fields and gardens, the power that moves our engines and lights our homes, and the beating of the heart of every living thing.

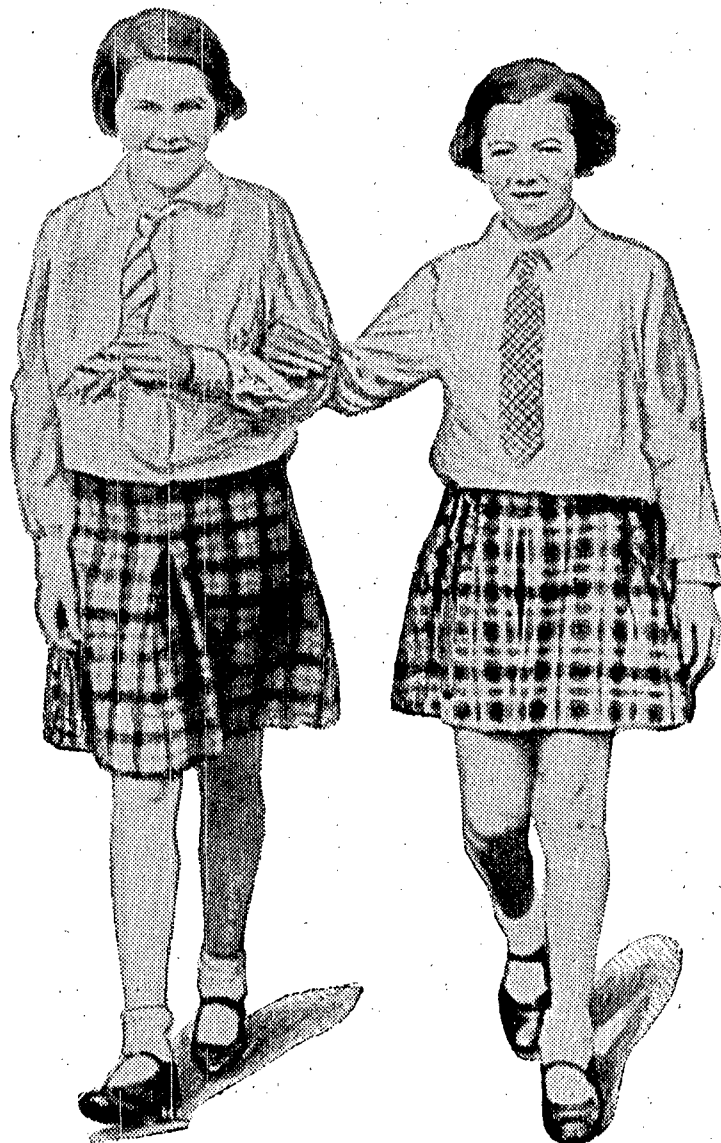
A Lonely Universe

Let your mind run back only to the sun (like a run up a street as distance goes in the Universe), and how many stars would you find there, keeping the sun company? Draw a circle about the sun three hundred million million miles round, and in it there would be *four other stars*.

If a man were living in London and his nearest neighbour were in Tasmania he would yearn for company; but he would nevertheless have a crowd about him compared with the loneliness of our Universe. The solar system in which our earth revolves is sixteen thousand million miles across; and yet this system, with all the worlds that come into our view as the year goes round, is a lonely thing, immensely isolated in space, cut off from other groups of worlds more utterly than any two people could possibly be if they were left alone on earth.

And all this moving wonder moves to order. It is in complete control.

continued next week

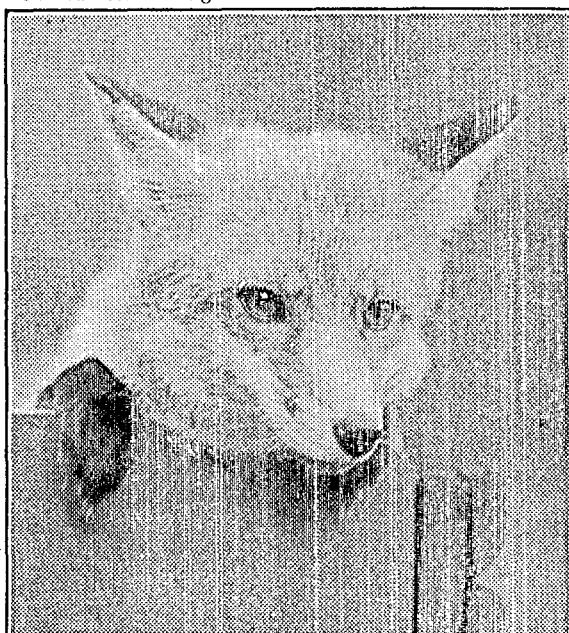
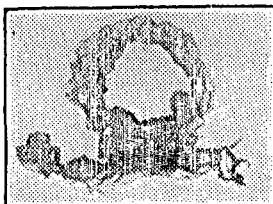


Marching to the Future of the World

NATURAL EVENTS OF NEXT WEEK



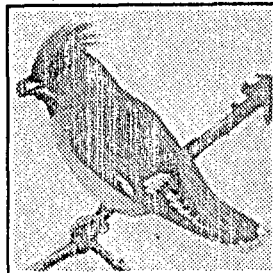
Forked netted and green laver seaweeds are now common



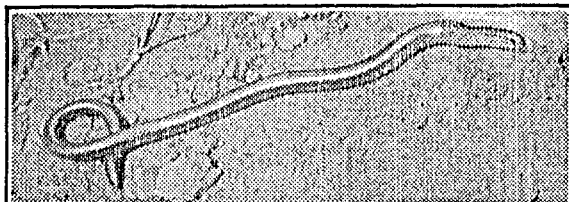
Foxes may sometimes be seen at dusk prowling in search of food



The dormouse takes a last look round before hibernation



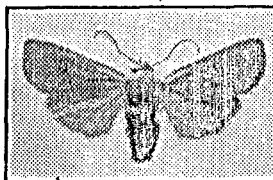
The waxwing, an Arctic visitor, is sometimes seen



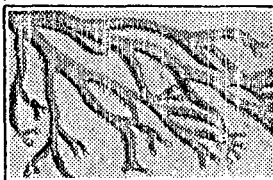
The slow-worm, which is a lizard, is now searching for a sheltered nook for its winter sleep



The hawthorn, or whitethorn, has now shed all its leaves



The red-headed chestnut moth is seen



Polysiphonia seaweed is found on our shores

Familiar Sights of Our New World THE MAN AT THE WHEEL RUSHES BY

As he lets in the clutch and the car begins to glide along the road he settles down comfortably at the wheel to enjoy the beauty of the English countryside.

"Might make for York," he thinks.

Why not? It is an easy run; and he sees in it nothing extraordinary. The efforts of the inventors and the fortunes lost and won to make the trip to York so ordinary do not occur to him.

He knows he can reach York, and can do so in comfort; but the wonder of it all never strikes him. However good the roads there are countless bumps between him and York, yet he barely notices them. Each time an unpleasant jolt threatens some magician stretches out a hand to absorb the shock.

The First Pneumatic Tyre

He rides on air. A buffer of compressed air takes up the shock which would otherwise bruise his body and make the long journey a torture.

A little boy whose bicycle wheels sank deeply into the mud was the starting-point of the miracle. His father, a Scottish veterinary surgeon named Dunlop, had a vision of all the jolts and bruises that might be saved if he could cushion the wheels against the shocks, of how much easier they would move if they did not sink in the mud.

He had the energy and inspiration to cut with his own hands a disc from a square of wood, to make a tube out of some sheet rubber, to cover his tube with linen and blow it up with a football pump. He bowled his wooden wheel about like a hoop to test it—and the pneumatic tyre was born, to enable the world to ride in comfort.

Giant factories, employment for tens of thousands of workers, mighty fortunes, arose from a mark in the mud which put an idea into the brain of a man!

Now the man at the wheel has a large army of scientists and research workers and engineers working for his safety and comfort, finding out the best arrangement of indentations to impress on the solidified sap of a tree which we know as rubber in order to prevent his car from side-slipping and to give his tyres long life; seeking better means of locking the cotton fibres together to stand the sudden pressures and strains that arise when a car is going at speed.

Over 300 Miles an Hour

These research workers have succeeded to the almost unbelievable extent of enabling threads of cotton and a layer of rubber to withstand the terrific strain of 1000 pounds to the inch to allow champions like Segrave and Malcolm Campbell to attain those record speeds of over 300 miles an hour. And the man at the wheel of the ordinary car receives the benefit of all the researches that were necessary to produce these record tyres.

"She's running well today," he thinks, as the car takes a hill on top gear in her stride. He feels she can do it, and knows that if she begins to falter he can drop into second gear to ease the strain on the engine. It is so simple; the touch of a pedal with his foot and the movement of a lever with his hand.

Nobody thinks about the engineering ability and countless experiments that were necessary to bring it about, of the metallurgists in their laboratories mixing a pinch of this metal with a bucket of that and a spoonful of the next, and

doing it perhaps hundreds of times, in order to make a steel hard enough to withstand the incessant wear and tough enough not to break under the jarring of the gears, when the meshes or teeth on the wheels slide in to engage each other.

Think of the beautiful simplicity of mounting four differently-sized wheels on one shaft side by side and just altering the position of the shaft as required.

So the man at the wheel has his gears in their variations and refinements to give the engine power and flexibility as it hums along the roads. It will keep it up all day if required. Some engines have run without ceasing for a week or a month. Because he is entranced by the beauty of the countryside is no reason why the man at the wheel should fail to appreciate this wonder of the engine that runs so steadily until the touch of his hand at the switch stops it.

Touch That Starts a Miracle

That touch stops or starts a miracle: a tiny spark of electricity between two metal points in a porcelain plug, a spark that appears with the absolute regularity of the ticking of a clock to explode the mixture of petrol vapour and air and drive the piston up and down and set the shaft with its flywheel spinning to turn the wheels. Four, six, or eight cylinders with their pistons dancing up and down the whole day long, and all the day long that sequence of sparks at the exact moment to make an explosion and keep them dancing!

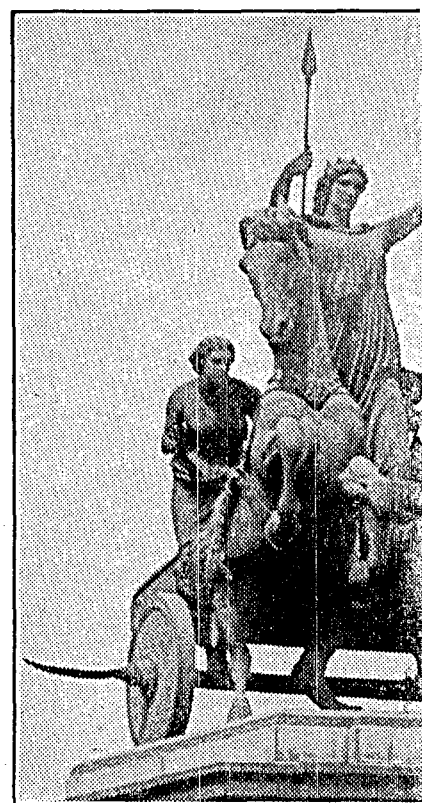
Perhaps the man at the wheel will pause for a moment to pay tribute to all the clever men who had made it possible for him to travel so far and so fast with so little trouble and in such comfort; the men who have toiled to prevent him in his clumsiness from stripping his gears and sooting up his plugs; the men who have given him those brakes on all his wheels with linings that will grip and not burn however hot they become in checking his speed; the men in the jungles and deserts who are drilling into the earth to find more oil for his use; the chemists who are for ever mixing and blending the volatile spirits to give him a better mixture, who provide him with a special petrol for winter and summer use so that the difference in temperature will not make his car more difficult to start, who give him oil that will not burn up and thicken and clog the working parts of the engine under any conditions that the expert can create.

The baby cars with their tiny engines speed on the road at 50 miles an hour; the great cars do their 60 and 70 miles, the lorries thunder along.

Marvels of Modern Industry

When the man at the wheel stops at York Minster he can shut his eyes for a moment and think of all the blast furnaces turning the ores into metal, of the giant stamps thudding down to cut and shape the metal parts, of the thousands of men who stand beside moving platforms which bring their work along to them at the exact moment when they are ready to do it, and of Henry Ford, who revolutionised modern industry with this idea.

As the man at the wheel gazes in appreciation at York Minster and thinks of all the dreams that went into its building, he may spare just one thought for the miracle of many minds and hands which his own hand has controlled to bring him to see such beauty.



Queen Boadicea in her char

THE PRIZES AFTER T

It is not true to say that the days of the great opportunities are gone. There are greater things to be done than any that have yet been done. The nature of the opportunity is changing that is all.

The railway is years and years behind the times; in thousands of journeys every day the motor-car can beat it. Is there no opportunity here for the brains of a man who can see what a railway might be, and will use our British railways to open up the gates of our undiscovered British Isles? The telephone is in its infancy still; in spite of it a great part of the countryside is isolated every night, cut off from communication with the towns. Gas-lighting is older than the railway, yet people grope through dark streets with torches within an hour of Charing Cross. And does the insistent demand for a cheap cottage offer no scope for a great brain-power, which might reach such lengths as to save England from disgrace by pulling down her slums?

Doors of Opportunity

In business, in science, in invention, there are prizes to be won not less dazzling than those that have fallen to our merchant princes, to Edison, to Lord Lister, or Lord Kelvin. The men who will quicken transit and make it safer, who will carry power and heat into houses as water is carried now, who will open up the villages to commerce, who will make farming more profitable and domestic labour less wearisome, who will find stability for aeroplanes and practical uses for them, who will revive small industries and establish new ones, who will save the fearful calamities in our mines, who will look ahead and give us pocket telephones and perhaps pocket cinematographs, who will stop the horrors of fire, who will find uses for electricity such as nobody has thought of—these men have the prizes of the future in their grasp.

It is not to all men that the great prizes will fall. They will come to those who do the great things. But for us all

The Great War Told in an Hour THE PRICE MANKIND HAS PAID

After the Battle of Jutland, as was explained last week, the Germans, so far as their activities at sea were concerned, devoted themselves to what they called unrestricted submarine warfare.

This meant that they sent out their submarines with instructions to sink any ship that they sighted, without waiting to rescue passengers or crew or to discover whether the ship they were sinking belonged to the enemy or to some nation which was not at war.

The world had gasped in horror when they sunk the great passenger ship Lusitania in this way in the first year of the war, and they had promised not to do it again; but they now said there was no other way of saving their country and defeating Britain, whom they regarded as their principal enemy. They knew that we had to bring a large part of our food in ships from distant countries, and they believed that in three or four months they could sink so many ships that there would be far too few to bring us our food, and that we should be starved out and compelled to surrender.

What Our Brave Seamen Did

They very nearly succeeded. In April 1917 they sank about a thousand ships, of nearly a million tons, and if this had gone on it must have starved us out. Fortunately it did not go on, and before the end of the year we had found ways of protecting our ships and destroying the submarines.

For many weeks food had to be rationed, i.e., controlled by the Government, and so much allotted to each person—man, woman, and child. Everybody had bread-cards, meat-cards, sugar-cards, and you could not buy bread, meat, or sugar without showing your card, and then you got only as much as was shown on your card. At the same time new ships were being built with the utmost speed, though some of them were sunk on their first voyage.

All this helped, but what really saved the country was the skill and bravery of its seamen, not only in the fighting ships of the Navy, but in the passenger ships, the merchant ships, and even in the fishing smacks. Though many were drowned, they never were frightened. Many whose ships had been sunk, and who had barely escaped with their lives, put to sea again and again as bravely, as cheerfully as if they were going on an ordinary voyage. We can never forget what we owe to these seamen in the Great War.

The other terrible weapons used for the first time in this war were the aeroplanes and great airships called Zeppelins, which dropped their bombs not only on soldiers on the battlefields but

on peaceful cities and villages. German Zeppelins and aeroplanes made many raids on London, dropping bombs on houses, factories, railways, schools, and streets, killing men, women, and children by scores and wounding many more. The Germans began it, but French and British afterwards did the same to the Germans with the same horrible results. In our own country 1400 were killed in this way, and 3400 wounded. These were small numbers compared with the number of soldiers killed and wounded in the war, but let us always remember that, if there is another war, there will be a hundred times as many aeroplanes, and that they will probably kill more than a hundred times as many people.

When the war ended three emperors (of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Russia) had lost their thrones, and the Tsar had been murdered by his subjects, together with his wife and son and daughters. Two great Empires, the Austrian and Turkish, were broken to pieces, and their possessions divided among their enemies. Rumania and Serbia, who had suffered greatly in the war, and who for a long time the Allies had been unable to help, now shared in the victory and got large additions of territory, Serbia being converted into the new country of Yugo-Slavia.

The Cost of an Incredible Crime

Another new country, formerly Bohemia, and now called Czechoslovakia, was carved out of the old Austrian Empire; and Poland, which had been destroyed in the eighteenth century and divided up between Germany, Austria, and Russia, now came back to life as one undivided country. Never in a short time was there so much destruction or were so many changes made in the map of Europe or of the world.

The dead, wounded, and missing in the war were a terrible number, and their loss has made the world poorer ever since. Our own country alone lost 947,000 dead or missing, of whom 140,000 came from the Dominions and Colonies, and 61,000 were Indians. In addition there were more than two million wounded and disabled, some of them disabled for life by the loss of their limbs or their eyesight, or other injuries which cannot be cured.

The cost of the war was from 8000 to 9000 million pounds. We are paying for it still, and shall have to go on paying for many years, but it is not the money cost which is its heaviest price. It is the cost in manhood and in character and in the loss of liberty throughout the world which is the bitter price mankind has paid for this incredible crime.

continued from the previous column
wonder of historians is the success of British rule in all the four quarters of the Earth, and one of our greatest rulers has said that three parts of our empire government is character.

All through life that is true. A man must keep abreast of the advancing tide of knowledge, and must peer into the future with a sound appreciation of the past. Imagination and experience, industry and concentration, patience and judgment, must come together in the Successful Life. But with them all, and above them all, must come the finer things—the things that make the difference between the men who leave

the world no better than they found it and the men whose spirits haunt the eternal shores of Time.

We live in the Age of Conquests, when a man flying down from the skies is not so startling as the sight of a train would have been to Napoleon; and in this Age of Conquests there are dazzling triumphs to be won, with crowns of immortality for those who win them.

Seek them with honour and dignity, fight for them with courage, confident in the knowledge that is the only power, calm in the faith that knows no bounds, proud in the spirit of the conqueror who, having fought a good fight, has gained eternal life.

THE WAY THE GREAT CUNARDER CAME



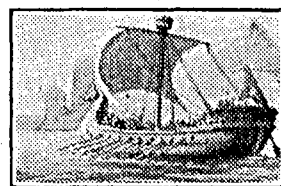
The first boat was probably a log



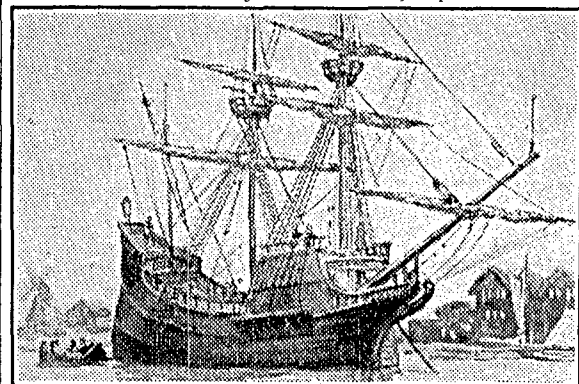
Then somebody hollowed out a tree trunk



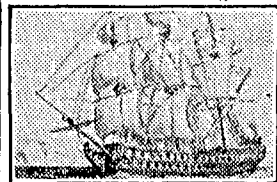
Early Britons made a wicker vessel daubed with clay



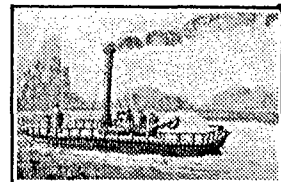
Then came oars and a sail, a big step forward



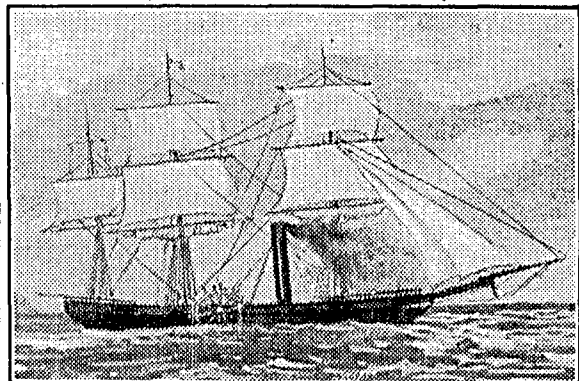
When Columbus sailed to America in 1492 ships were larger and had many sails



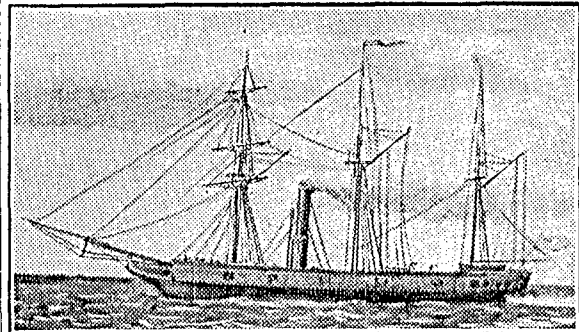
There was little change until Nelson's time, about 1800



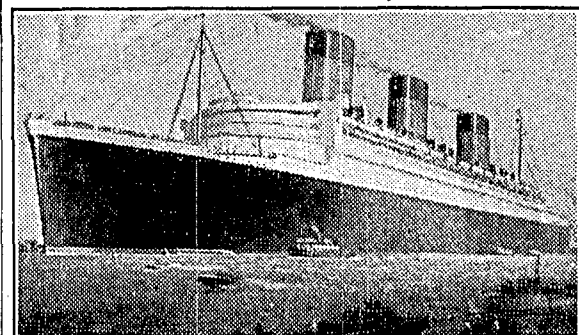
The Charlotte Dundas, 1802, was an early steamboat



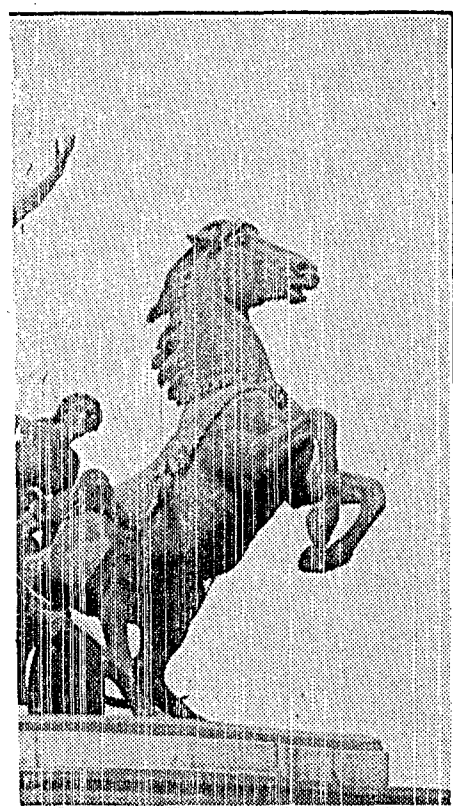
In 1819 a paddle-steamer, the Savannah, crossed the Atlantic



Later paddle-wheels gave way to the screw propeller at the end of the ship



Now we have great floating towns like the Queen Mary, driven by powerful turbines and burning oil



101—by Thomas Thornyeroft

OF THE DAY TOMORROW

there awaits the consolation of success. It is not only the brilliant who succeed. The quiet normal life, the ordinary work well done, may bring with it in due time its abundant reward.

The life of the world, if we think of it, depends upon ordinary men. There is not a king in Europe who could cross the sea if the ordinary men of the world refused to take him.

There is not a business anywhere that would pay its way if the ordinary men concerned in it refused to do their work.

The Man Who Stood on His Head

And so the lives of the multitudes of common people, lived quietly and without great reward from day to day, have a dignity of their own. The simple life of an ordinary man, or an ordinary woman, may be vital to a thousand others, and it is no mean thing to have done our duty in any sphere. The man who can say at any hour of his life, "Thank God, I have done my duty," may not share Nelson's place in St Paul's or his fame in history, but he has succeeded.

A hundred years ago a boy was playing in a London square. He was nobody in particular, and had no gates open to him that were not open to other boys such as he. But he grew up fired with a great ambition, and stood for Parliament against a man who boasted of his family, and his estates, and his ancestors, but said very little of himself. "He stood on his ancestors," it was said of him, and when his rival rose to speak from the hustings the shout was, "What do you stand on?" "I stand on my head," he said, and his head made him Prime Minister. The stars in their courses fight for the man who puts his head and his heart into his work.

Nothing can stop the man who is ready for the race of life with knowledge, and earnestness, and will-power, and an unswerving resolution to do right. It is not enough that a man should have knowledge; character is more than intellect. The constant

continued in the next column

THESE THREE THINGS CHANGED YOUR WORLD

THREE things have brought employment to millions of the people of the world, says Sir James Jeans, and he told the British Association what they were. They were, he said:

The electro-magnetic machine
Maxwell's Hertzian waves
The Cycle of Nicholas Otto

It is hard to say which of these three has proved of the greatest benefit to mankind. The well-known statue of Faraday by John Foley shows him holding in his hand a ring with two coils wound round it. This little object was the forerunner of the tremendous machinery which lights our streets and houses and drives our trains and, before many years are past, will be doing most of the world's work.

It is a little over 100 years ago that the keen eye of Michael Faraday noticed that there was a slight movement of his galvanometer needle when the current from a battery started through one of the wires, though the second wire, connecting the voltaic battery and the galvanometer and wound side by side with the electrified wire round a wooden cylinder, remained unmoved.

On the whole, however powerful he made his current, the second wire

remained absolutely still; but if he reversed the battery circuit a flutter in the opposite direction was detected in the needle. These momentary currents Faraday called induced currents. They only existed at the moment the current was turned on, but they gave Faraday the idea of exciting electricity by magnetism, whereas magnetism had only been produced by electricity before.

So he wound two coils of insulated copper wire, each coil on the opposite half of the ring, round a welded iron ring, the object we see in the statue. Sending through one of these coils a voltaic current he magnetised the iron powerfully, and at the moment this took place an influence was sent through the other coil sufficiently strong to drive the needle of an attached galvanometer round two or three times. When he reversed the current the needle whirled in the opposite direction. Magneto-electric induction had been discovered, an unfailing source of electricity had been tapped, and Faraday proceeded with those experiments which have revolutionised our sources of power.

We now come to the contribution of James Clerk Maxwell. He was the actual discoverer of the existence of electric waves. He had a mastery of mathematics, and turned his attention to electricity. He corresponded with Faraday, and made it his life-task to prove that there was only one medium in which electric lines of force act, and that light and electric waves were

identical in nature, both being forms of electric magnetism. They were transmitted at exactly the same speed.

Having determined that electricity had a wave action, he worked out mathematically the properties of these unknown waves and gave their measurements. They are called Hertzian waves because Heinrich Hertz, a pupil of the great Helmholtz, invented an instrument which detected these waves. When found they were measured, and proved to be exactly what Maxwell had predicted. James Clerk Maxwell was thus the original founder of all systems of wireless telephony and telegraphy.



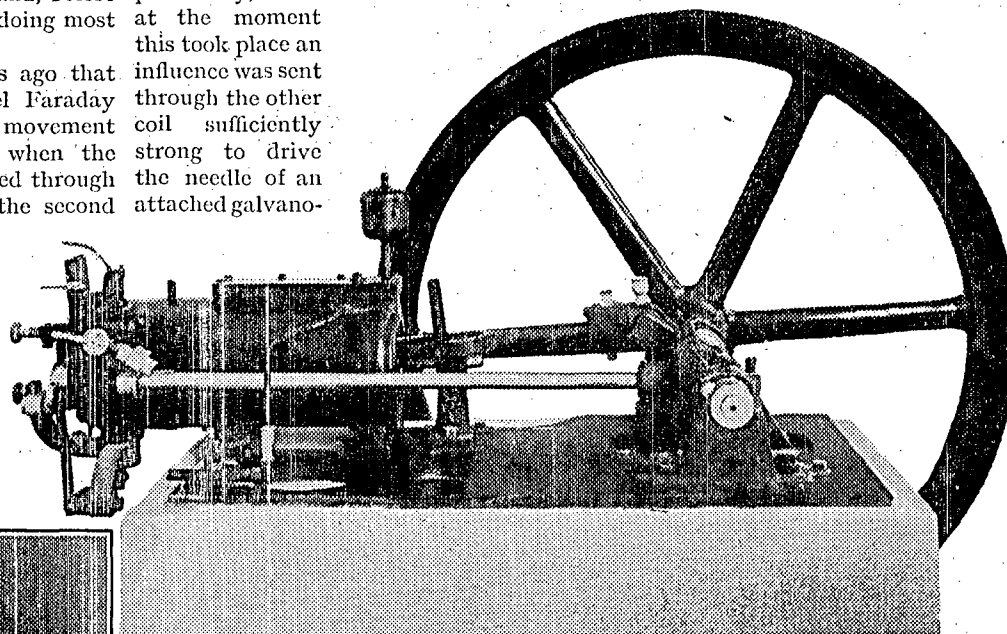
Clerk Maxwell at work in his laboratory

This is the Otto Cycle, which repeats itself hundreds of times a minute. It was first used in a gas engine, Nicholas Otto making it a practical proposition in 1870, and exhibiting his first gas engine of a modern type at the Paris Exhibition of 1878. All the various forms of internal combustion engines have been developed from that simple gas engine, which is the parent of the motor-car, the airship, the aeroplane, and the motor-ship.

MANY other ingenious men and men of foresight have added improvement after improvement, and among these Gottlieb Daimler of Wurtemberg ranks high. Daimler was trained in a British engineering firm, and produced an engine very much lighter and faster than the slow-mover invented by Nicholas Otto, whose fly-wheel revolved only 250 times a minute. Instead of gas Daimler used petrol, in an engine he made in 1886, which ran for three years. Then Daimler made another machine, fitted it to a bicycle, and rode it through the streets of Deutz, the home of Otto. A French firm bought the right to use this engine, and in 1891 the first motor-car driven on the Otto Cycle principle took its place on the roads of the world.

These three great inventions solved the work problem for millions of men last century and this.

Who are the three men, and what are to be the inventions, which will do the same for this generation and the next?



Nicholas Otto's gas engine, the parent of all internal combustion motors

We enter another domain when we consider the Otto Cycle. Briefly, the Otto Cycle is the four stages in the working stroke of the piston in the cylinder of the motor-car. It comprises four movements of the piston:

1. It first moves forward in a suction stroke, when the mixture of air and petrol gas is admitted into the cylinder from the carburettor.
2. The piston then returns with what is called the compression stroke, compressing the mixture.
3. A second time the piston goes forward. It must, for an explosion has taken place, the mixture being fired by an electric spark. This is the working stroke on which all the movement of the engine depends.
4. The last is the return stroke of the piston, called the scavenging stroke because it expels through a valve opened by machinery all the resultant gases of the explosion.



The statue of Michael Faraday by John Foley

LITTLE JOURNEYS WITH THE CN—A PATHETIC CORNER OF SOMERSET

WE are this week at Hardington in Somerset, a place you would not come to, yet one of the pathetic corners of our land; like Old England, vanishing. A tiny stone bridge, a run across a field, and we are at the manor house with the little church across the yard.

If walls have ears and windows eyes these walls ringed in by trees must have seen and heard strange things. This was the home of the Bampfylde from the 15th to the 18th century, when the end came with the gay Sir Charles, who fell so heavily into debt that they sold his deer park. A deer's antler was decaying on his door when we called. His strange son followed him, a desperate man who somehow became rector and would gallop across country and take service with his top-boots showing under his surplice; he would sit receiving tithes with a brace of pistols

on the table. His father, the gay Sir Charles, was shot dead in London and brought here to be buried; he was the kind of man who was the gay villain of the novels of that time.

His great stables are still here; we came to them between two avenues of limes and chestnuts, and found the farm horses in the old stalls with the names of Sir Charles's coach horses still up—Marmion and King Arthur—in gold letters. All about are great trees wrecked and perishing, dying trunks that must have been a lovely sight in the gay Sir Charles's time.

THE little church has seen it all, for something of it was here before the Bampfylde came. Its tiny tower, with pinnacles too big for it, is inside no more than a small recess. Charming the little nave looks as we stand in it, with its crude Norman arch running

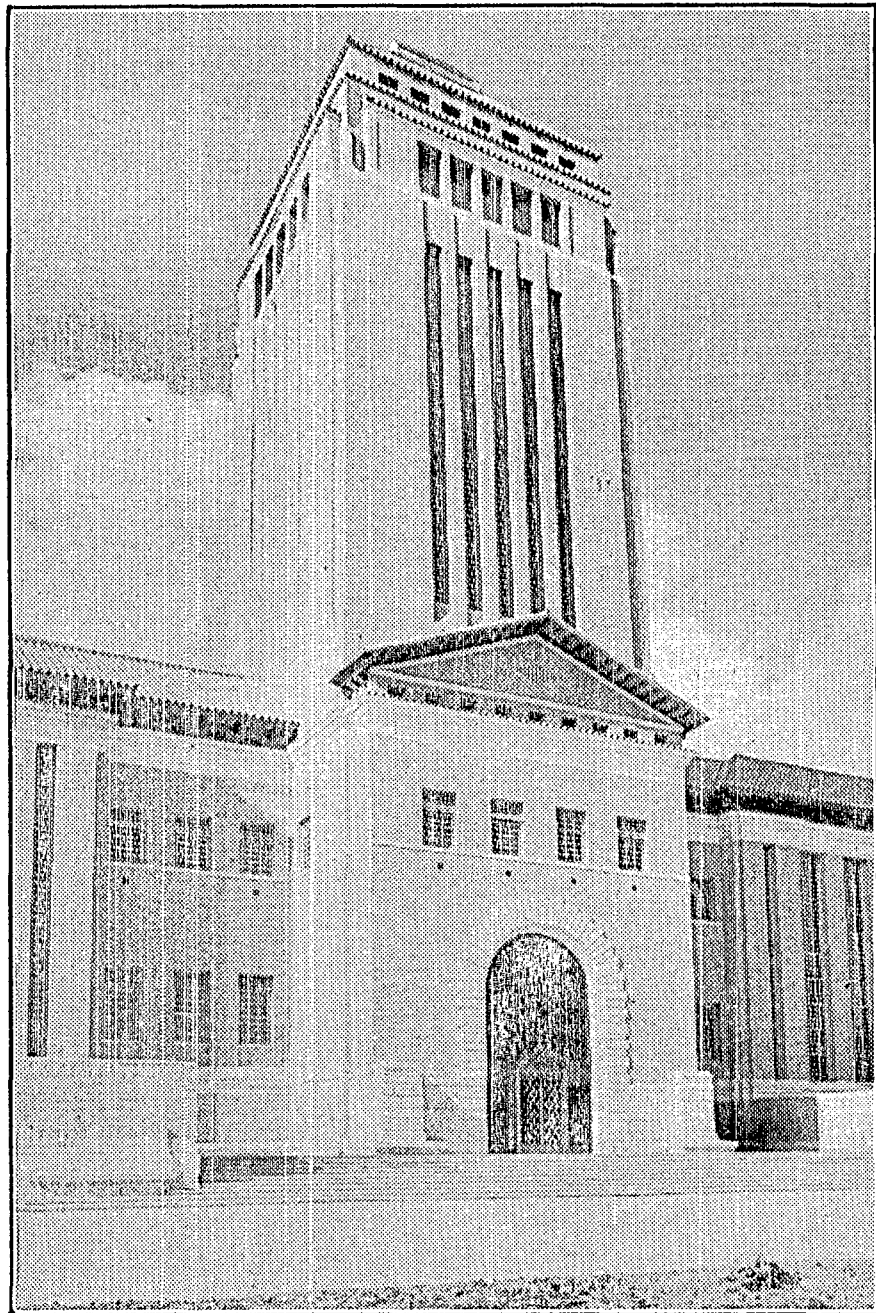
almost from wall to wall. It is full of oak box-pews, and it has a two-decker pulpit with a seat in which the old parish clerk must have sat half trembling with the desperate rector above him in his top-boots. The plain painted font appears to have been cut out of solid stone. The little holy-water stoup by one of the pews has a carved canopy. The roof is charming; it is oak panelled with two catherine wheels and sixteen floral bosses.

THE Stuart coat-of-arms is still bright with paint on the walls, and the Bampfylde arms are in the windows. By the altar is a wall monument with the story of four Bampfyldes: the colonel who died an old man in 1694, the gay Charles who died in 1823, one who perished at sea in 1853, and the wild rector whom they laid to rest in 1855. Below this is carved in stone the

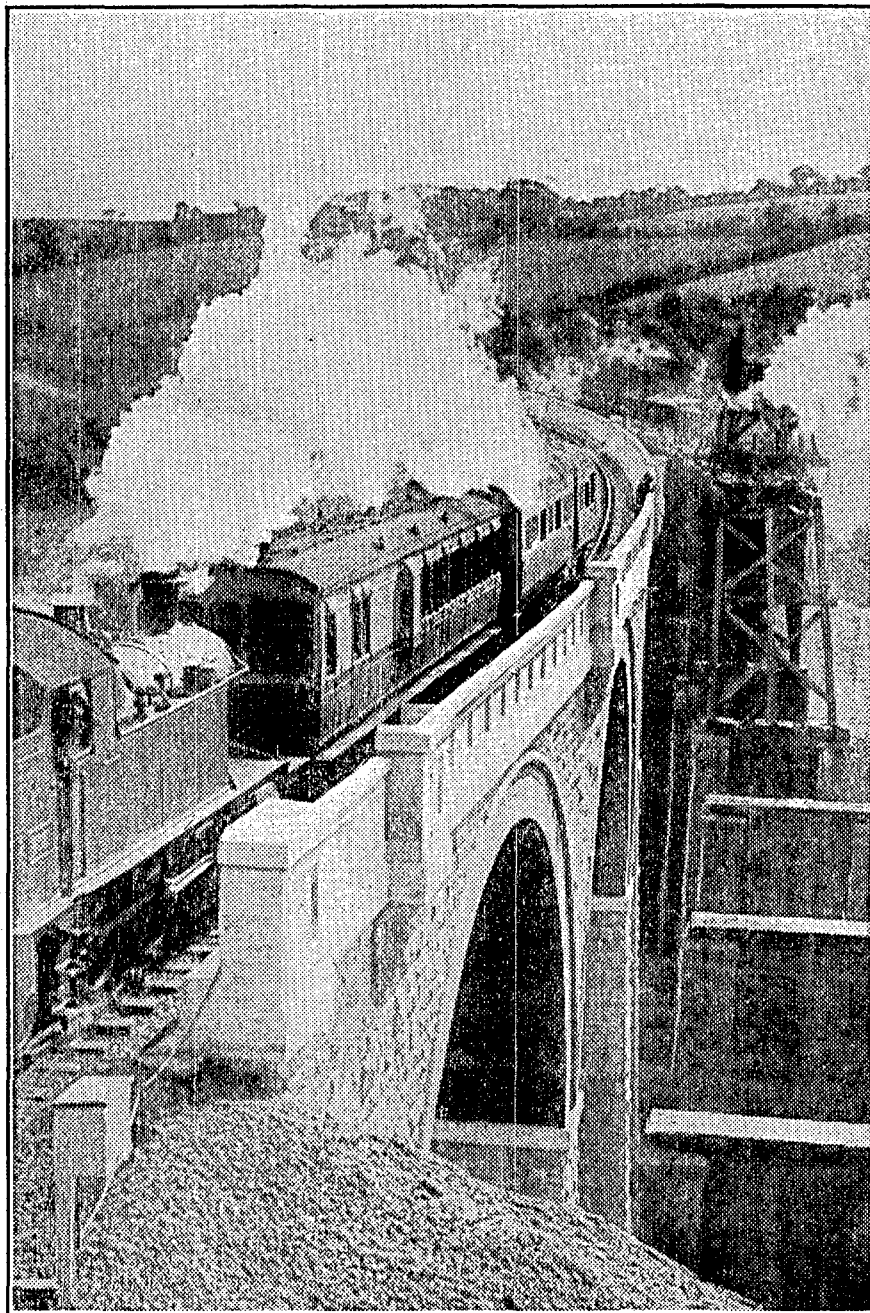
emblems of their rank: shields and gauntlets, axes and swords, drums and banners, with two cherubs over all.

THERE were flowers everywhere in the small churchyard with limes all round and hens about. Four great gargoyles were still looking down and stone heads from the windows, strange memory of the days when this small place, with its pinnacles and buttresses and battlements, was the private chapel of the manor house, a few yards away. There it stands, its octagonal chimneys rising like slender towers, its painted blind windows, its bits of battlemented walls still left. We leave it all with its memories, and pass over the little bridge to the busy road a few minutes away, where two broken stone piers are the only sign to the passing world that here is one more piece of Old England "going," "going," almost gone.

NEW LIBRARY · PAMPAS GRASS AND POTATOES · NEW VIADUCT



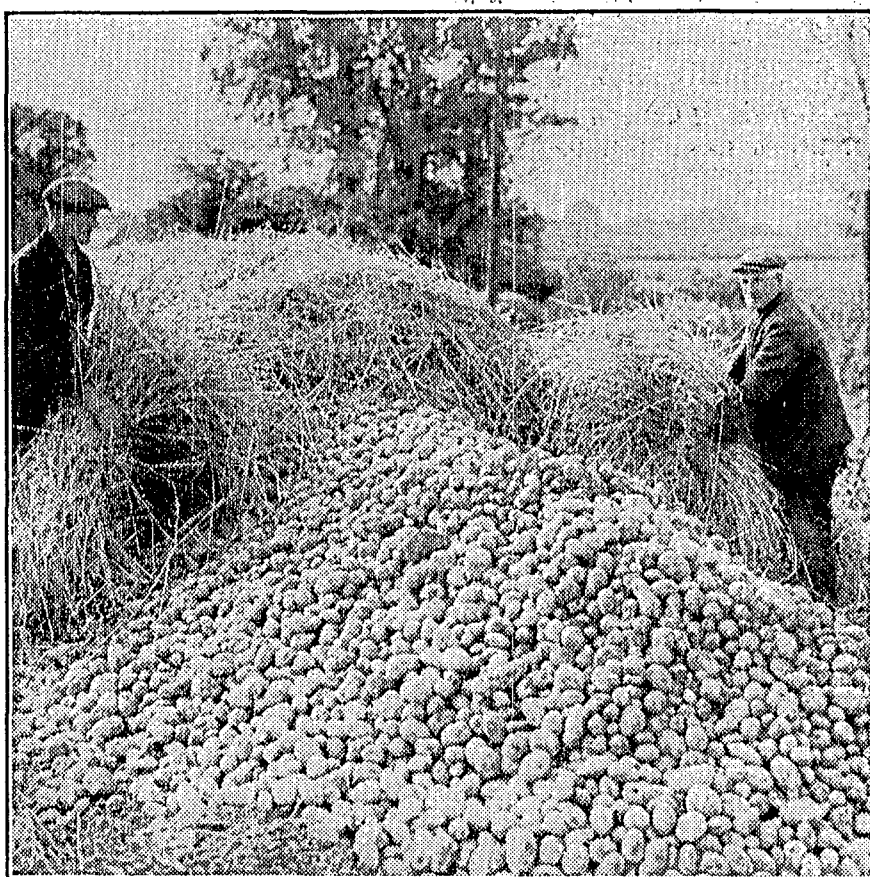
New Cambridge Library—The tower of the University Library at Cambridge which was opened last week by the King. It was designed by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott. See page 14.



Wooden Viaduct Goes—On the G.W.R. Falmouth line a new structure has replaced College-wood Viaduct, the last of 80 similar wooden viaducts built by Isambard Kingdom Brunel.



Pampas Grass Harvest—Cutting the plume-like flowers of pampas grass at a Surrey nursery.



Storing Potatoes—Covering the potato crop with straw at a farm near Bishop's Stortford.

20 MILES OF BOOKS

Remarkable New Home For Them

A NEW SIGHT AT CAMBRIDGE

It was only a few weeks ago that the King opened the new library of the great city of Manchester; he has now opened the magnificent new building designed by Sir Giles Scott for a library which has served Cambridge students 500 years. It is one of the remarkable new buildings of our century.

The million and a half volumes in this University Library at Cambridge would extend for 20 miles if placed in a row, for the university owns a collection of books only excelled in this country by the British Museum.

One of the chief features of the new building is a reading-room 65 yards long. The library has a section devoted to newspaper files and other periodical literature, while it has a vast collection of novels, but it is noteworthy that these novels are not issued to readers until they have been published five years, for it is with serious literature that the library is most concerned.

Among its chief treasures are a Bible printed at Mainz in 1456 and the only perfect copy of Caxton's Golden Legend.

Picture on page 13

CHAMPIONED BY A CHIMPANZEE

A Tale From Berlin

There is a dumb animal in the Berlin Zoo which, we are sure, inspires its keeper with more enthusiasm than the whole Government put together.

The silent hero is a chimpanzee which shares a cage with Bobby, a famous gorilla which has always been regarded as good tempered.

But the other day, when the keeper was in their cage, Bobby suddenly knocked him down, bit his leg several times, and was hugging him as fiercely as a bear when the chimpanzee leaped to the rescue.

Picking up the keeper's whip, the chimpanzee gave Bobby such a thrashing that the huge ape dropped its victim and became at once mild-tempered again.

The keeper had to go to hospital: but he is alive, and there is little doubt that he owes his life to the intelligence of the chimpanzee.

LANCASHIRE'S TROUBLE

Astonishing Cotton Changes

Although Lancashire's trade affects us all, few people outside the cotton industry realise what a change has occurred in our cotton exports since 1913. No one before the war dreamed that such a decline was possible.

Our exports of cotton piece-goods to all the world in 1913 were 7075 million yards. Last year they were down to 2116 millions.

India in 1913 took 3057 million yards; in 1933 she took only 440 millions.

The Chinese market in 1913 took 733 million yards; in 1933 only 63 millions.

Nearly all other markets showed declines.

THE JACKDAW OF REDCAR

The boys and girls of Redcar in Yorkshire are met by an unusual playmate as they come home from school. He is a jackdaw, who loves to have a game with them.

His favourite game is to find a twig or leaf, fly with it to a group of children, and put it on the ground, defying them to take it from him.

He is so agile that very few have succeeded in doing this.

The bird is not afraid of the children, and does not mind how many gather round to play with him.

WONDERLAND ON THE ROOFTOPS

Gardens of Eight Nations

At the top of the beanstalk Jack found a strange new world.

At the top of the skyscrapers and other buildings of New York there may soon be a wonderland of roof gardens.

The latest garden, which is being laid out above one of the great Rockefeller buildings, will probably be the most elaborate roof garden in the world.

Already 1500 tons of soil and drainage material have been set in place. Hundreds of tons of rock will also be used. There will even be a waterfall flowing into a refreshing stream 130 feet long.

Gardens typical of eight nations have been designed, divided by walls, and to protect them from strong winds high walls will be built round the edge of the roof. A formal English garden 165 feet long is being paved with rough limestone brought from Windermere. Mellow brick walls and clipped hedges will enclose the gay flower-beds. There will also be a vegetable patch, an orchard, and a bird sanctuary.

OUR ELECTRIC BOYS

Measuring Their Voltage

At the Inventions Exhibition Mayor Raymond Phillips conducted some highly interesting and amusing experiments with an ammeter, a galvanometer measuring electrical currents directly in units of amperes.

It seems that boys showed a much higher degree of vitality (or voltage) than adult men. The most electric boy gave a reading nearly twice as high as the most electric man.

TEACHERS ON SCHOOLS

The London Teachers Association has been considering a Five-Point Plan for the improvement of London schools. Here are the five points:

Modernisation of many of the school buildings.

Improved standard of lighting, heating, and cleansing.

Reduction of size of classes.

Widening of opportunities for secondary and technical education.

Provision of greater facilities for all types of cultural education and education for leisure.

It is shocking to learn that many London school windows are cleaned only three or four times a year.

We must surely agree that the modern school should have the electric light and a hot-water installation. And why not, as a delegate asked, a cinema-projector?

WORLD'S MUSIC ON YOUR HEARTH

Those of us who play the piano or the violin will be glad to hear about the Music Lovers Album.

This Album, edited by Sir Landon Ronald, will contain nine masterpieces of great composers each week. The first part, now ready, is a typical good shillingsworth, for in it are included the Barcarolle from Tales of Hoffmann, Tchaikovsky's Andante Cantabile, the Ballet Egyptian by Luigini, and Elgar's charming Chanson de Matin.

BROKEN IN THE WAR

Sad news it is that has come to an Essex man, who has been told that his neck was broken 16 years ago.

He has had no accident in civil life, and the doctors say his neck must have been broken when he was blown up during the war.

It is strange to think that there is still with us a man whose neck was broken in the war, yet how many there are still alive whose hearts were broken by it.

TWO MILES OF SILVER BIRCHES

Trees and Gardens For Southampton's Docks

The silver birch, most graceful of our trees, will greet the passengers who land at the new docks which are being completed at Southampton.

It has been decided that the main road serving this reclaimed area, through which it runs for over a mile, is to be lined with an avenue of these lovely trees. Not only are trees to be planted here, but ornamental gardens and lawns are being laid out beside the new sheds and office buildings which have arisen.

As they step from the great liners passengers will find themselves in a scene far different from that usually associated with docks, a scene of beauty and charm, which is really more characteristic of our land than the slums that surround so many of the landing-stages of our harbours and rivers. It will be in keeping, too, with that charming little green facing the entrance to the new road, where in the shelter of the ancient city walls stands the American Memorial to the Pilgrim Fathers who set sail from Southampton 300 years ago.

BETTER AND BETTER

Shipbuilding Up

With the decline of Coal, Engineering, Ships, and Cotton, we have sought new industries and have been very successful with them.

Can we revive the old basic industries?

There is good hope that we may do so.

Shipbuilding has taken an upward turn. Lloyd's Register reports that at the end of September our shipyards had twice as much tonnage in hand as in last September.

We have now building 604,296 tons of merchant shipping compared with 300,534 tons at the end of September 1933. Nearly half the new ships are motor-ships.

In foreign shipyards in the past three months the new tonnage has increased by 78,000 to 707,091, the highest quarterly total recorded since 1932.

The total of new ships building in the world is 1,311,387 tons, and of this amount British yards are responsible for 46 per cent. The world total is the highest for nearly three years.

A FAMOUS AUTHOR SEES AGAIN

Surgeon Cures Dr Axel Munthe

With gratitude to a clever surgeon of Zurich University the famous Axel Munthe, the Swedish author, has returned to his beloved island of Capri to enjoy once more those scenes of beauty for which it has always been renowned.

Dr Munthe is the author of The Story of San Michele, a book which has been translated into every great language. He is, too, a great lover of animals, and persuaded the Italian Government to declare Capri a bird sanctuary, thus putting an end to the cruel practice of trapping quails there. In the last few years he became almost blind, but as a result of the operation at Zurich he can now see by the aid of spectacles.

The surgeon was Professor Alfred Vogt, with whom Lord Grey of Falldon spent many a happy hour beside the Swiss rivers when recovering from an operation at his hands.

ONE MORE FORTUNE FROM WASTE

Turning refuse into electric power has proved very profitable in Glasgow.

£24,841 was paid the other day for electricity produced from the burning of refuse at works at Govan representing a year's waste in one big city.

BOYS FOR RADIO

Chances in an Expanding Industry

WHAT TO STUDY

Radio manufacturers and dealers are experiencing a shortage of skilled assistants, and training classes are to be established to encourage boys to enter what is still an expanding profession.

The College of Technology at Manchester is said to be considering a special course for students.

The first essential for a wireless student is, of course, a thorough grounding in electricity. We need in this industry to rely not on rule of thumb but on knowledge. The entire field of electricity is enormous, and no boy can go wrong in becoming an electrical student. Equipped with a sound scientific training he is ready to move in many promising directions. He would also do well to study the problems of light and acoustics.

The field covered by wireless is now so great that the International Radio Conference found it necessary to set up fourteen committees to survey the various branches of the subject.

SEEING THE OTHER SIDE

Sensible Plan For Policemen

The city of Munich in Bavaria has decided that traffic control shall no longer be a one-sided matter.

The policemen on point duty are to take lessons to increase their reasonableness and their tact and make traffic regulation far smoother. They are to know not only what the law expects of a driver, but also what the driver can be reasonably expected to do.

To this end they are to be given experience in driving every sort of vehicle, with loads of different weights, through the busiest streets.

It is probable that the course will develop a degree of sympathy for carters and lorry-drivers which has not hitherto been known among German traffic officers. Men with this training are to be formed into special traffic-control units, and more will be expected of them than of the ordinary policeman.

OLD GLASS COMES TO LIGHT

Some fragile treasures have gone to join the lovely old things to which the Abbey Folk Park at New Barnet gives a home, glass from three centuries and as many countries.

The fragments of 13th-century glass probably came from the Hospital of St Cross at Winchester and include sprigs of oak with acorns, the Leopard of England, and a double-headed eagle, the badge of the Holy Roman Empire.

Some heads of angels and a sinister-looking beast with a halo are closely linked with history, for they were put into the lady chapel at Winchester in gratitude for the birth of Prince Arthur in 1486, and were moved to make room for a Diamond Jubilee window in 1897. Since then they had been missing but now have come to light again.

THE RING LOST AND FOUND

Thought for others has brought an unexpected reward to a lady who helps her poorer neighbours by subscribing to the London Hospital.

One day she lost a handbag containing a cherished ring. Months passed and she gave up all hope of seeing it again. Now, a year later, a handbag has been found in a garden, where it was probably thrown by a thief. Most of the papers in it were illegible, but there was one clue by which the finders were able to trace the owner. This was a receipt for a donation to the London Hospital. By writing there they were able to obtain her address, and the handbag was restored to her.

When the lady opened it, to her joy she found inside it the ring.

THE CRAB NEBULA ONE OF THE WONDERS OF THE HEAVENS

Does It Reflect the Light of Its
Two Great Suns?
VAST STREAMS OF PARTICLES

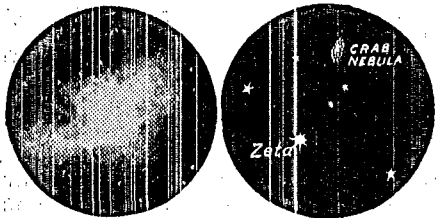
By the O.N. Astronomer

The Crab Nebula in Taurus is one of the wonderful mysteries of the heavens. Its position above the bright star Zeta in Taurus was indicated in last week's star-map.

The accompanying picture showing this marvellous nebula as it appears photographically through powerful telescopes may compensate for the fact that it cannot be seen with the naked eye. Through quite a small telescope or field-glasses, however, it may be seen as a faint oval patch of luminosity, its longest diameter appearing about one-fifth of the apparent width of the Moon.

It is important to select a clear dark night and also to know exactly where to point the glasses; this may be readily found by means of the star Zeta, which appears in the field of view together with several much fainter stars.

The nebula will appear in the position shown in the accompanying star-map



The Crab Nebula as seen (left) through a powerful telescope, and (right) through field-glasses

and its oval shape will be quite perceptible in powerful glasses. It will be seen more easily if the glasses are steadied by resting them on the hand against some support and also if no artificial lights are near.

The popular name Crab Nebula was applied to the nebula nearly 90 years ago by Lord Rosse, who first noted the wisps of nebulosity extending from the bright centre of the nebula and likened them to the legs of a crab.

The nebula is also known generally as Messier 1, its discovery by the astronomer Messier inducing him to compile his famous catalogue. In the New General Catalogue now used by astronomers it is numbered 1952.

It is rotating and appears to be expanding at a great rate. At the same time its extreme tenuity coupled with the fact that its light is similar to that of stars makes it difficult to account for its luminosity, for it is not composed of stars like the spiral nebulae.

How such attenuated matter can supply the light of stars is explained by supposing it to reflect the light of great suns in the midst of the nebula, as happens in the Great Orion Nebula and the vast streams of nebulosity in which many of the great suns of the Pleiades are immersed.

The Two Suns

It so happens that two great suns have been detected immersed and to a great extent hidden in the Crab Nebula. They are close together and, though appearing of only sixteenth magnitude, it is probable that they play a part in illuminating the vast streams of particles, cosmic dust, meteors, or whatever form they take.

In any case the particles must be very far apart for the nebula to possess such a low density. Were they no larger than grains of sand many miles would separate each grain.

The expansion of the nebula is accounted for by the attraction of the rotating streams of particles being insufficient to retain the outlying portions, though these would doubtless return in an attenuated form like the great comets of our Solar System. G. F. M.

BETTING BILL GOING FORWARD

Government Expected To
See It Through

TWO DAYS A WEEK TO
THE DOGS

We congratulate the Government on standing its ground against the many and varied influences which have striven to mar or to overthrow the usefulness of the Betting and Lotteries Bill.

This Bill was passed by the Lords and received a second reading in the Commons, where it was left in the committee stage when the House rose. It had not made much progress in this stage, only one clause having been passed. This clause is certainly the most important, as it limits betting days on greyhound racing tracks to 104 a year. Even this clause needs amendment to restrict the number of meetings that can be held on any one day.

Limitation of Profits

Other provisions of the Bill empower county or borough councils to fix the days of race meetings at which betting takes place and to grant the licences.

The totalisator, which is illegal now, is to be legalised on these licensed tracks, but it will be subject to a limitation of profits. Nowhere else but on these licensed dog tracks and on horse racecourses will totalisators be permitted. Even under this Bill the totalisator will be more often used for greyhound racing than for horses.

This part of the Bill has been held up by every conceivable method in committee, and by every selfish interest; and to get this part of the Bill through it is now necessary for the Government to transfer it from a Standing Committee to what is described as the floor of the House. This means that the House of Commons as a whole will form a committee to thresh out the clauses; and the Government, by the use of its Whips and where necessary by a time limit for debate, will, it is hoped, be able to force the measure through in spite of the protests. In almost every case these protests come from those who are financially interested in exploiting the weakness of their fellow-citizens, those who live on a traffic which tempts people to gamble away their means.

Prizes For Forecasting

There is the other part of the Bill, too, which we trust the Government will not fail to pass, the part dealing with lotteries and making illegal competitions offering prizes for forecasting events. There is far too much prophesying in these days.

This Bill falls far short of the recommendations of the Royal Commission on Gambling, but it does remedy some of the grosser evils of the present system, and the Government will have the support of the great majority of the nation in standing by it and seeing it through.

THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS

OCTOBER 29—THE DEATH OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH

These lines were written by Sir Walter Raleigh in his Bible. Born in 1552 he was beheaded in Whitehall October 29, 1618.

E'EN such is time! which takes in trust

Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
And pays us naught but age and dust,

Which, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.

And from which grave, and earth, and dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust.

THRILLS AT THE ZOO FORMS THAT FLASH BY IN THE NIGHT

One Spell of Excitement
Followed By Another
THE ANGRY HYENA

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The domestic cats attached to the houses in the Zoo often get into the limelight because they have formed strange friendships with their wild captive housemates or acted as foster-mother to some lonely little orphan.

Apparently there is yet another way in which a cat can make a stir.

An electrician on night duty was walking from the Aquarium to the Reptile House when he saw a brownish-yellow animal dash past him in the dark. At once he went to rouse the resident keepers with the news that a fox had broken loose.

His description of the animal was so vivid that the keepers never doubted it was a fox, and as a fox would have endless opportunities of getting into mischief in the outdoor aviaries they arranged a search party.

Cry of Wolf!

Arming themselves with nets and torches they set out to catch the fugitive. Guided by the electrician they flashed their torches into every possible hiding-place. At length they were rewarded by the discovery that it was merely a large ginger cat belonging to the Aquarium.

Most of the so-called thrills of living on the premises at the Zoo are liable to end in this tame way.

Not long ago the resident keepers were disturbed late one evening by a large animal bounding into their house and hastily retiring after seeing them. Believing the creature to be a wolf they rushed after him, only to find an Alsatian dog, which had somehow managed to find its way into the grounds.

Occasionally, however, the Zoo does have a genuine thrill. One night two wolves broke out of their den. A search party was organised and the fugitives were run to earth and captured in nets; but before they could be shut up behind bars the captors had another spell of excitement.

An Angry Glare

As it was no use putting the wolves back in the den from which they had escaped it was decided to place them in a near-by cage which had just been repaired and was believed to be empty.

Accordingly one of the keepers opened the outdoor den and walked in, carrying straw with which he intended to make a comfortable bed for the wolves in the sleeping-apartment. When, however, he was about to throw the straw into the bedroom he was greeted by an angry glare from a hyena. Naturally the man retreated with more speed than dignity, and the wolves were provided with other quarters.

THE MERSEY TUNNEL IS A GREAT SUCCESS

The earnings of the Mersey Tunnel during the first three months of its use have exceeded all estimates.

Liverpool expected it to earn £80,000 in its first nine months, but that sum has already been reached.

The great problem of ventilation has been solved, and the power required for this is sufficient to enable a road below the main road to be equipped for some special form of traffic.

The tunnel has amply proved its need, 866,000 vehicles and 1,125,000 passengers having passed through it in three months.



If your hair is tidy you'll always appear cool and calm even in exciting moments. Just a spot or two of Anzora in the morning will keep your hair tidy all day. And there's no grease in Anzora to spoil pillows or hats. If your hair is dry use the Viola. And if you want your head to shine use Anzora Brilliantine. Sold at all Chemists and Hairdressers, the Cream and Viola in 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6 bottles, and the Brilliantine in 1/- bottles.

ANZORA
MASTERS THE HAIR

Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., London, N.W.6

By Appointment

THRILLS FOR TEA TIME

Just imagine having eighteen of the loveliest biscuits to choose from at tea time! Ask mummy to buy you some.

Emblem Assorted Biscuits

Made only by

CARR'S
of CARLISLE

7 PER HALF POUND

© 532



I'm
Cook's
Assistant
- Like

OXO

for

Cup or Cooking

1/35

BROCK'S
"CRYSTAL
PALACE"
FIREWORKS

The World's
Best

THE RED LIGHT • A Mystery Story By John Mowbray

CHAPTER 27

Where is Dunstable?

CHANNING was tossing a ball from one hand to the other.

"Do you happen to know if Dunstable has changed yet?" he asked.

"No," smiled Purdie, "I don't. Do you want him for the nets?"

"Well, I promised to give him some practice as soon as he's ready."

"Which reminds me," Purdie said quickly, "I must have our bags carted across."

He called to some of the other boys standing around. "Half a dozen of you," he bade them, "fizz off to Upper and bring our bags from the pav."

And after a while they came staggering back with the bags, and dumped them on the steps of the juniors' pavilion, which had the honour of housing the school team today.

Then Purdie glanced at his wrist-watch.

"Well," he announced, "it won't be long before they're rolling up now." He frowned at the juniors' modest pavilion.

"We can't let them change there," he said, "so I've fixed with Farrington to lend them one of the dormitories. Now I'm off to keep a look-out for them. If you men see Dunstable, and he hasn't changed, you'd better tell him he's got to hurry."

"We'll tell him," they promised.

Purdie nodded and turned on his heel. They were joined next by Washington.

"Do you know," he inquired, "whether Purdie has sent for our bags yet?"

"Use your eyes, old boy!" Channing informed him, and pointed to the dump.

"Oh, he got the key from Dunstable, did he?" asked Washington.

"No; the groundsman is there, I fancy."

"Oh! Have you seen Dunstable?"

"He'll be somewhere about."

"Yes, but has he changed yet?"

"If he hasn't, he'll have old Purdie on his tracks," proclaimed Deane. "And so will you," he added, pointing to Washington's mufli. "The Gentlemen are due at any old moment. You ought to be changed and helping Purdie to greet them."

"Oh, we've oceans of time!" said Washington airily, but turned to go inside again nevertheless.

Then many voices sounded, and Purdie was visible doing the amiable to the visitors as he conducted them. A rush was made to give them a hand with their bags, and with laughing and chattering they faded from view. Then Purdie reappeared and marched to the nets, where Channing and several others were loosening their muscles.

"Well, I've left them to it," he said. "They won't be very long." He stared round and round. "Halloa!" he exclaimed. "Where is Dunstable?"

"We thought he was with you."

"No; I haven't seen him," Purdie said testily. "He has changed, I suppose?"

"He is changing now, I expect, Purdie."

"Well, I wish he wouldn't leave it to the last minute," Purdie uttered on the same note of irritation.

"Shall I fetch him?" said Channing. "I wish you would. Tell him I'll put him in last if he isn't here in two shakes."

Of course Purdie did not mean that, but he felt annoyed. He was frowning as he watched for Dunstable coming. He would give Dun a dressing-down, he thought, when he came. It didn't look keen, he would tell him; it didn't look keen.

Ten minutes had passed before Channing returned at the run.

"I must have missed him," he panted. "He is not in his dormitory in School House, and I didn't see him about the House. Has he shown up yet?"

"Oh, never mind," Purdie answered, biting his lip. Yes, it would serve Dunstable right, he reflected, to put him in last now!

The visitors came streaming on to the ground. A net had been left for them, and they raced for a few minutes' practice before the game.

Then, without more ado, Purdie sent boys scouring for Dunstable. They could find him nowhere.

"The funny part is," announced Washington, "that the groundsman just tells me that when he went to our pav, he found the door locked."

"I don't," growled Purdie, "see anything funny in that."

"Oh, I didn't tell you. I lent Dunstable the key after Chapel."

"This morning?" cried Purdie.

"Yes, this morning. Dun wanted to fetch his bat to give it an oiling."

"Didn't he bring you the key back?"

"No; the groundsman got in with his

own key. And, now you mention it, Purdie, I haven't seen Dunstable since."

"You haven't seen Dunstable since he went for his bat?"

"Not a sign of him! And he ought to have come with my key. And that," uttered Washington slowly, "is the funny part, Purdie."

"Yes, and that's another black mark against him," growled Purdie.

He was about to vent his disgust with Dunstable further when a pleasant voice at his elbow inquired whether they should toss now, and he turned to find Major Scott, who was captaining the Gentlemen, at his elbow. "If you're ready, sir," Purdie answered, and tossed up his coin.

"Heads!" called Major Scott, as the penny spun in the air; and heads it was.

"Ah, I think we will bat," smiled the major. Purdie considered a moment.

"Do you mind," he inquired, "if I field a substitute for a minute or two? One of my men is detained, but he can't be long now, sir."

"Oh, I'll lend you a man with pleasure," replied the tall soldier.

So Purdie led his team out, and some twenty minutes later, as Dunstable had not put in an appearance, he sent word to Nethersole, of West House, to get into his flannels and come out in his place.

CHAPTER 28

Fear Spreading

AT half-past twelve, when they went in to lunch, there were no signs of Dunstable. Before play was resumed it had gone all round the school that Dunstable was not anywhere to be found.

Cricket? Who could fix his attention on cricket when such news was passing from lip to lip? Of course the players themselves had to appear unconscious that anything out of the common had happened to Dunstable.

But all round the ground the boys were whispering and instinctively drawing together in scared little groups. In whichever direction they looked they saw very few masters; it was whispered that the masters were hunting for Dunstable. They looked at one another, they tried to look at the cricket, their groups split up, and others instantly formed, some walked round restlessly, a few kept quite silent; but in all of their eyes the same frightened expression was growing.

And all of them felt the same strange and shuddering feeling.

There was hardly a boy on that ground who supposed that Dunstable had vanished of his own accord.

Why should he? He was tremendously keen on making a good show today. Why, he simply lived for cricket. He could think of nothing else. He could talk of nothing else. Don't tell them, they repeated, that Dunstable had disappeared for a rag.

They repeated, too, how he had wandered off for his bat, just to fetch his bat to give it a last rub of oil. Would a fellow who intended to run away walk off like that? And there were many of them who dared not cross upper ground, where Dunstable had vanished in the broad daylight. It wasn't, they whispered, as if he had vanished by night. Look! There were the pavilion and the silent grass and tall trees, that was the way which Dunstable took this morning.

Few continued to believe that the search would find Dunstable.

The Fear had returned. That dim and mysterious dread which had been lying dormant, pushed out of mind by the summer and a new term, was returning and spreading with every word which they whispered. They were beginning to turn their eyes from one another's faces.

Nor did the Fear pass, for the same fresh thought was striking one and all now. They had sent their memories back to January, back to Arnold and Birkin. And they were asking one another for the first time, Who saw Arnold and Birkin when they ran away? Who knew for a fact that those two had run away?

Oh, yes, they agreed, the story had been given out that Arnold and Birkin had gone of their own accord. But did that explanation hold water? For consider, they argued, none of the boys had been called out to help in the search for Arnold and Birkin, not a single prefect even had been called out! All they knew was that on coming down to breakfast one morning they had been told that Arnold and Birkin had run away. But how and why could anybody feel sure now that Arnold and

Continued on page 13

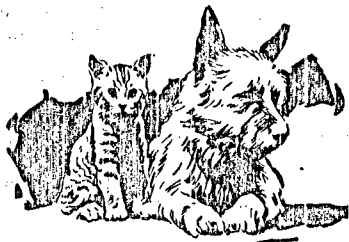
If you keep a pet you need this book

THE ANIMALS' HOME DOCTOR

Encyclopedia of Domestic Pets

THE HOME ABC OF ANIMAL MANAGEMENT

To be completed
in about 30
WEEKLY PARTS



THE ANIMALS' HOME-DOCTOR

provides full information about the treatment in health and sickness of all the following and many other species, varieties and breeds.

DOGS	HENS
CATS	DUCKS
PIGEONS	TURKEYS
CANARIES	GEESE
PARROTS	MONKEYS
RABBITS	GUINEA PIGS
PONIES	HEDGEHOGS
HORSES	GOLDFISH
DONKEYS	TORTOISES
GOATS	WHITE MICE
CATTLE	FOXES
PIGS	PEACOCKS

All sorts of Cage Birds,
Pets from the Friendly
Wild and Denizens of
Aquaria.



Part 1 Contains

SUPERB DOUBLE-PAGE
COLOUR PLATE
showing 43 different dogs

What We Owe to
Our Animal Friends
by CHERRY KEARTON

The Joy and Care of
Pets from the Wild
by FRANCES PITT

DELIGHTFUL PHOTOGRAVURE
PLATE of this cheeky Cairn
Terrier

FREE

Now on Sale at all
Newsagents and Bookstalls

NO lover of animals can afford to be without this new and valuable book; it tells in simple, straightforward language everything necessary, not only to the care of domestic pets in sickness and health, but also to the identification, choice, breeding and management of all such animals.

It is essentially a home book, and it should find a place in every home in which there is a domestic pet of any kind. It is as necessary in the town house or villa as it is in the country bungalow, farm or mansion. Experts in every branch of animal science have contributed to its pages, which include detailed information on the characteristics, breeding, value, welfare, peculiarities, "points" and treatment of every type of domestic animal, from the universally beloved Dog to Guinea Pigs, Sheep and Ponies. THE ANIMALS' HOME-DOCTOR is brilliantly and profusely illustrated and when completed will contain over

2,000 PICTURES, including a number of FULL-PAGE PLATES IN COLOUR and PHOTOGRAVURE

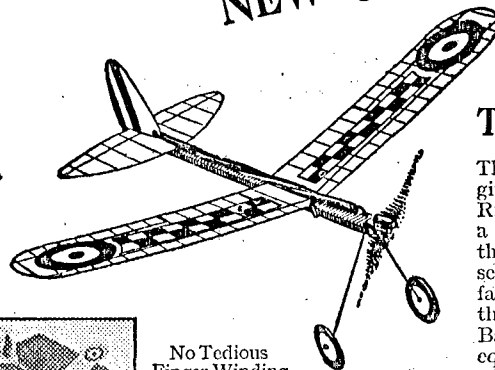
7d WEEKLY PARTS
Part 1
Today



Actual
Size of
Plate
10½" x 8"

Have you flown the Bantam yet?

A SPLENDID
NEW OUT-DOOR
FLYER



THE BANTAM

This is a brand new model which gives an excellent performance. Rises easily off the ground after a short run, and flies 200 feet—the duration of flight is 30 seconds. The markings of a famous squadron are printed on the wings. You can buy the Bantam fully assembled and equipped—including high speed winder box, spare motor, lubricant and illustrated flying hints for..... **2/6**
Wing span 9 ins.

No Tedious
Finger Winding
with the Bantam
or Tadpole.

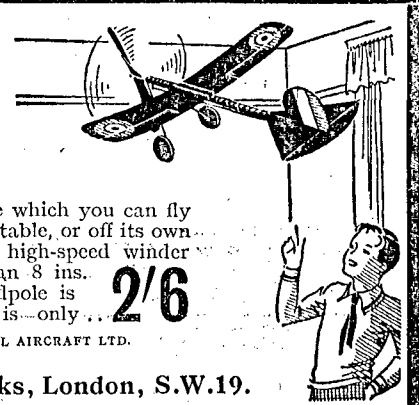
FOR INDOOR FLIGHTS TRY THE TADPOLE

This is a really satisfactory indoor aeroplane which you can fly in any size of room. It rises off the floor or table, or off its own box. No trouble to wind—it has its own high-speed winder box, complete with a spare motor. Wing span 8 ins. Duration of flight 30 seconds. The Tadpole is at your toyshops now, and the price is only... **2/6**

BRITISH MADE BY INTERNATIONAL MODEL AIRCRAFT LTD.

Sole Concessionaires:

LINES BROS. LTD., Tri-ang Works, London, S.W.19.



KID KORD RECORDS for Children

NURSERY RHYMES 4/6 PER ALBUM

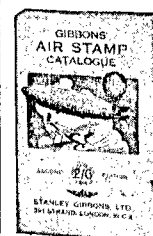
Your kiddies will be enchanted with these magic Wonderland Stories, thrilling Animal Talks, fascinating Fairy Tales, and old-time Nursery Lullabies. 18 double-sided records in 3 Albums reproduce 84 Numbers with Orchestral Accompaniment. Every Record Perfect. 13/6 cash (postage 1/3). Two Albums 9/-; One 4/6 (postage 1/- and 9d. extra). THE IDEAL GIFT FOR GIRL OR BOY. Write for lists today.

T. Nelson & Co. Ltd., Dept. C.N., 19, City Rd., London, E.C.1.

NEW ISSUE Packet FREE

Ask to see my approvals. Send 11d. postage and receive FREE—Pictorial Gaboon, Andorra and Iceland (large stamps), set of newly issued Canada (including Ottawa), U.S.A. bi-centenary of Washington, Union of S. Africa set, including re-issue of 2d. pictorial, Straits & Malay (new colours), Rwanda-Urundi Turkey (new issues), etc. 50 stamps in all. Senders of stamp collectors' addresses receive an extra set. New 72-page list, price 1d. —H. C. WATKINS (C.N. Dept), Granville Road, BARNET.

SPECIAL!



A 123-PAGE
AIR STAMP
CATALOGUE
FREE

PUBLISHED ORIGINALLY AT 2/6.

GIBBONS' AIR STAMP CATALOGUE (2nd Edn.) will be sent free to all readers of the "C.N." who send 2d. for postage and ask to see a sheet of the really magnificent Stanley Gibbons' Approvals—the best in the world. This great offer is for a limited period only, so write to-day.

STANLEY GIBBONS, LTD.
Dept. 107, 391 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

FREE powerful POP pistol!

Hours of fun trying
this! Only 15 coupons
(12 coupons and Free
voucher*).

AND MANY OTHER SPLENDID GIFTS



READ THIS, MOTHER!

Do you know that Rowntree's is the cocoa that is so digestible it actually digests other food eaten with it? It's economical, too—you only need half a teaspoonful. 5½d. per 4-lb. tin with 3 FREE GIFT COUPONS. Make sure your children get all the good from the food you give them. Change to Rowntree's... today!

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO!

Simply ask mother to buy you Rowntree's delicious Cocoa. Inside every 4-lb. tin are 3 Free Gift Coupons. Save these up, and very quickly you'll have enough to get any gift you want. Valuable gifts—very few coupons. Show this page to mother now!

★ Write at once to ROWNTREE & CO. LTD., YORK, for special list of boys' and girls' gifts No. FC9, with FREE VOUCHER value 3 COUPONS

Continued from page 16

Birkin had not disappeared in the same ghastly fashion as Dunstable?

As this awful suspicion spread it took firmer shape. They said, "Well, it's queer that nobody's ever had a line from those two!" They said, "For what reason was their disappearance hushed up so?" And they said, "Neither of them had anything to run away for! They were just two ordinary fellows with nothing against them."

This was the kind of talk as the day and the cricket dragged on. Who cared for the cricket or could keep his mind on it, when you saw John Gravesend himself, looking anxious and older, talking in earnest undertones to the Head. Generally the old fellow stood and watched every ball, refusing a chair, with his hands stuffed into the pockets of his jacket, now and then applauding some specially fine stroke and finding a pleasant nod for the boys who trailed past. But there he was now, with his back turned on the cricket and his lips moving nervously. You knew what the Head and he were talking about—not about cricket.

Ah, at last the umpires had plucked off the bails for good. Who had won? The school had won. Oh, had it? What did it matter? Where was Dunstable? That was what mattered. Where could he be? Was there any news of him yet? Had the Head any news of him? Had Lakin and the other masters got back? Had the groundsman noticed anything unusual in the pavilion when he let himself in with his own key? Were there signs of a struggle? Who had questioned the groundsman? Somebody must have done. What's that? Gastalin had gone to him straight away? Well? Gastalin wouldn't say what the groundsman had said. And so the day wore on.

The morning broke; but it broke without news of Dunstable. Breakfast came, and Chapel, and work, and routine; but Dunstable had not returned to his place. His disappearance was now beyond any doubt. "They speak," murmured Gastalin, "of people being spirited away." He paused to look at Channing. "Channing," he breathed,

Continued in the last column

JACKO DOES SOME CARPENTERING

Jacko was thrilled when his Grandma sent him a box of very professional-looking woodcarving tools.

"Coo!" he shouted excitedly. "All I want now is some decent wood. Be a sport and buy me some, Dad, won't you?" he coaxed.

Father Jacko didn't see the fun of throwing his money away. "You'd

The following morning he was up early, and after another hour or two's work the cupboard was finished; all complete with door and shelf. He varnished it neatly, and when it was dry he put it in the kitchen and called the family to admire his work.

"Better than I expected," commented Father Jacko.



Down went the shelf with everything on it

better find some old bits to practise on, my lad," he said.

Jacko looked glum, till his Mother made a suggestion. "I'll get the grocer to send round a sugar-box," she said, "and you shall make me a cupboard for my cooking things."

Jacko couldn't wait for the box to be sent, so he borrowed a wheelbarrow and went off to fetch it.

Then he set to work and sawed and hammered all day long. He hadn't been so happy for weeks.

"Wonderful!" beamed Mother. "I'm going to use it straight away."

In a twinkling she had collected some china, and was arranging it on the shelf, while Jacko looked on, nearly bursting with pride.

Biff! Bang! A sudden shriek, and down went the shelf with everything on it.

Jacko had wedged it in, but forgotten the supports!

Luckily for him his mother had not risked her best crockery.

"What do you think happened to Dunstable?"

But Channing, turning colour as Gastalin spoke, went off for a moody game of squash rackets with Wilde.

Gastalin went off as well. He went to find Crittall. And, having got him to himself, he said, "Listen to me, Crittall. What time do you take the newspapers up to the Moggins?"

"Last term," said Crittall, "I used to take them to her just before lock-up. But some of the prefects growled that they hadn't finished with them, so now I take them up at a quarter-past nine, just before I go to bed."

"I see," said Gastalin. "You collect them out of the Sixth Room?"

"Yes, and from people's studies," Crittall responded.

"Good! Now you listen to me again. Tonight you'll collect them at your usual time, and then you will bring them all to me, Crittall. I'll take them up."

"But I like it," murmured Crittall, as his face fell.

"I can't help it. I am taking them up tonight, Crittall."

"Oh, all right," said Crittall.

So it came about that soon after nine that evening Gastalin appeared in the Matron's room, and he advanced with his armful of newspapers and laid them down on her table. But then, instead of taking his leave, he said very quietly, "What about that book, Mrs Verity?"

"What book?" she replied.

"The book I found on the floor by your hot-linen cupboard."

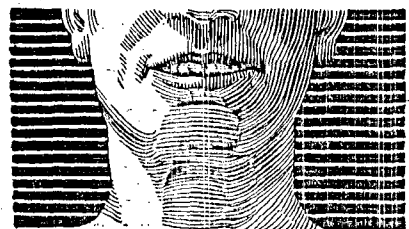
"Oh, that!"

There was silence. Mrs Verity had turned her back on him and begun to tidy up. She tossed a strip of used lint into a zinc pail which would find its way to the boiler-house in the morning; she placed the rest of the roll on a shelf; then she came for her basin of hot water to empty it. As she took the basin from the table he could see her hands trembling.

"Are you interested in that book?" she uttered at last.

TO BE CONTINUED

THROAT working overtime?



soothe it with a pastille

Speeches, singing, shouting down the telephone, dust and smoky air—they all spell *strain* for your throat. That's where 'Allenburys' Pastilles are such a help—their soothing effect on the throat will see it through the hardest of days, keeping it as clear and fresh as it started. *Try them yourself*—the blackcurrant flavour is delicious!

Take care of your Throat—take

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

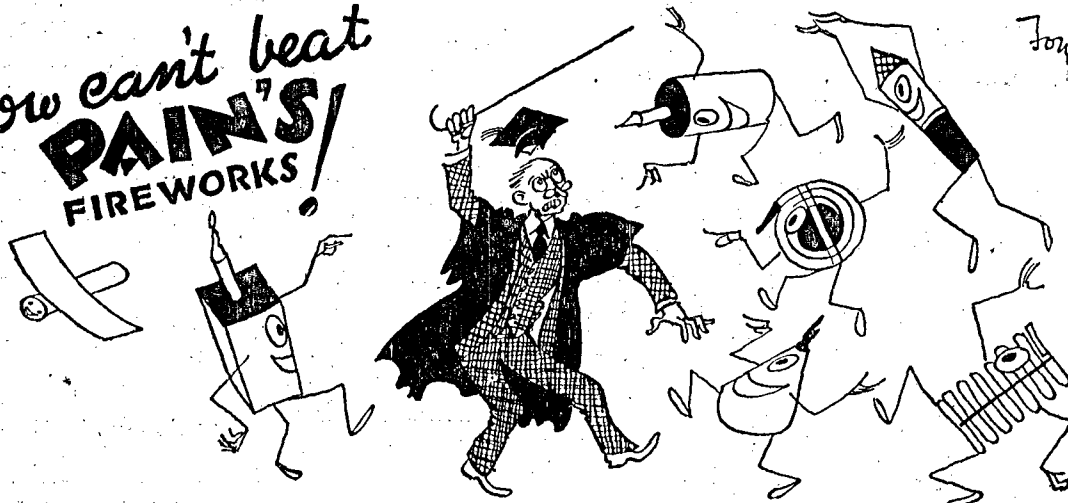


From all chemists
in 2-oz. & 4-oz. tins
8d & 1/3

PLEASE mention "The Children's
★ Newspaper" when communicating ★
with advertisers.

delicious **Wilkin's**
CREMONA
STANDARD
ASSORTMENT
FIFTY-FIFTY TOFFEE and CHOCOLATE

You can't beat
PAIN'S
FIREWORKS!



BIG & LITTLE TERRORS—SCHNEIDER PLANES—HUMMING SPIDERS—
RACKETEERS—FLYING EAGLES—SILVER GLITTERERS—TORPEDOES—
SHIMMERING SUNBURSTS—AIRCRAFT BARRAGES, Etc.

SURPRISES! THRILLS!! BANGS!!!

PAIN'S
FIREWORKS



Will Not Warp Nor Leak; Solid Drawn.

BAILEY'S "SUPER" PUMP, Celluloid Covered (Made in Two Styles)
ONE WITH STEEL LINING at 2/6, OR ALUMINIUM LINING at 2/3. 15" x 1" SIZE.
The linings are SOLID DRAWN, cartridge fashion, each pump being drawn from its own metal blank, therefore there are NO solderings or loose pieces to leak. THIS IS THE ONLY SOLID CARTRIDGE DRAWN PUMP MADE ANYWHERE. DO NOT BE MISLED WITH IMITATIONS.

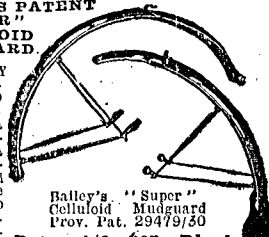


APEX ALUMINIUM ALLOY PUMP, drawn from the solid blank in our 200-ton presses like a cartridge.
IN POLISHED OR BLACK ENAMELLED at 1/6 each for 15" x 1" Size. If your dealer cannot supply, send the cash
and we will send you the Pump you ask for by return.

APEX INFLATOR CO., LTD., ALDRIDGE ROAD, PERRY BARR, BIRMINGHAM.

BAILEY'S PATENT
"SUPER"
CELLULOID
MUDGUARD

INSTANTLY
DETACH-
ABLE AND
ADJUST-
ABLE. Extra
Thick Cellu-
loid. Extra
Thick Flang-
es. ALL Steel
parts are
Electro-
Zinc plated
before enam-
eling. VERY
LIGHT,
STRONG &
RIGID. In
20" and 22" sizes for Round or "D" Stay or for
Braided Lugs



Price 4/9 per pair, Black
(or 6/- per pair, White
or Coloured).

GOOD IT'S MASON'S
AND NON-ALCOHOLIC.

POST FREE. This case contains three trial bottles of Mason's Wine Essences, Ginger, Orange and Black Currant. Each bottle contains enough essence to make a full size bottle of delicious wine. The case will be sent post free to all who send name and address and 8d. to:

NEWBALL & MASON LTD., NOTTINGHAM

Cut out this coupon and post to-day.

COUPON

I enclose 8d in stamps, and would like to sample your Ginger, Orange and Black Currant Wine Essences.

Name.....

Address.....



**quickly and safely
ends the discomfort
and danger of a
cold in the head**

First thing every morning
put a drop of 'Vapex' on your
handkerchief and breathe
the germicidal vapour.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

VIII 5

THOS. KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

BAKED JAM ROLL

'Atora' makes the nicest Baked Jam Roll you ever tasted—crisp, delicious, most nourishing. And it's very simple to make—only three-quarters of an hour's baking with 'Atora.'

RECIPE.

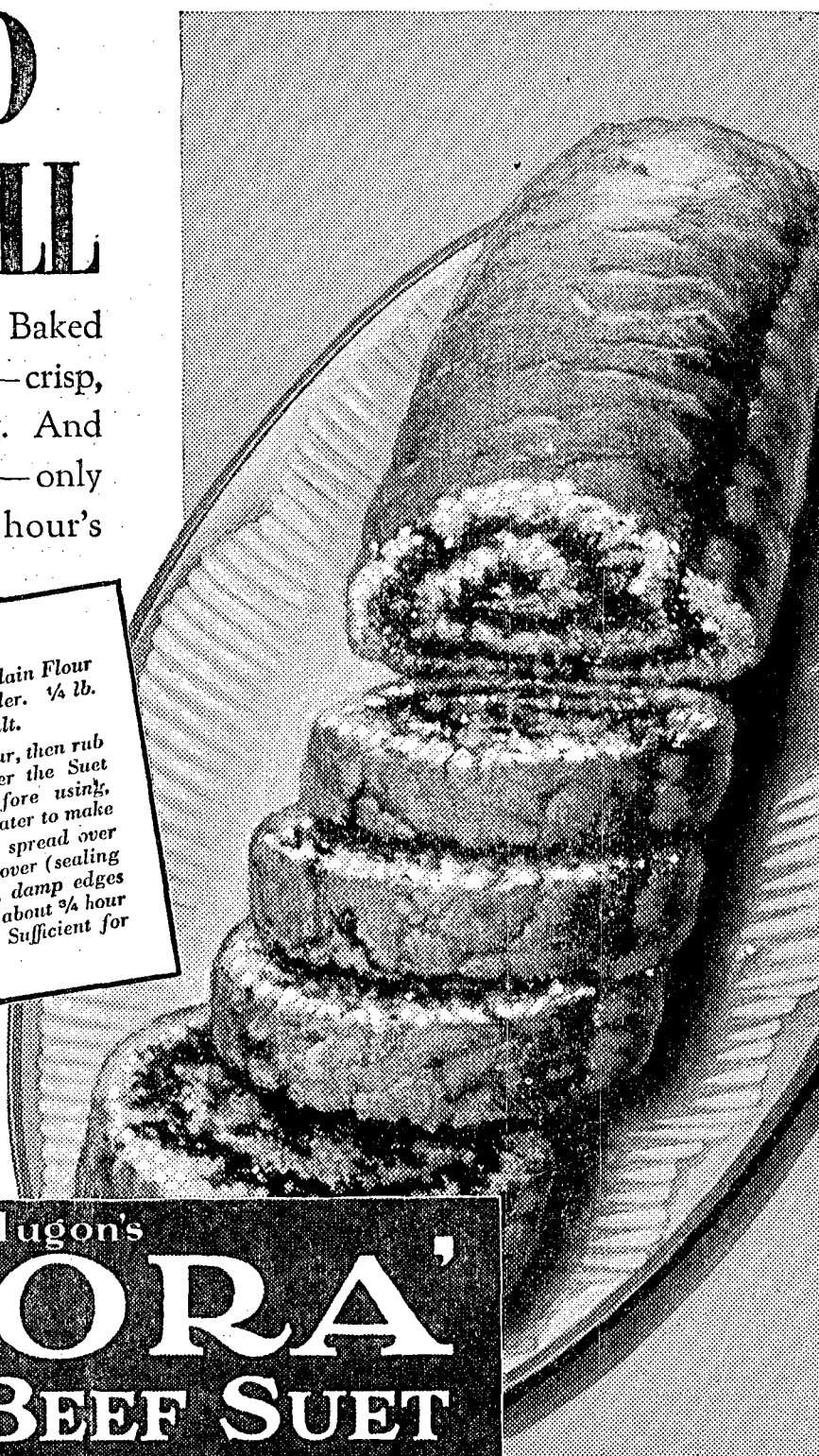
½ lb. Self-raising Flour, or ½ lb. Plain Flour
and teaspoonful of Baking Powder. ¼ lb.
of Shredded 'Atora.' Pinch of Salt.

Mix the ingredients with the flour, then rub in the 'Atora.' (In cold weather the Suet should be slightly warmed before using, but not melted). Add enough water to make a stiff paste, roll out thin, and spread over with jam or marmalade. Roll over (sealing up ends by turning them in), damp edges and pinch together. Bake for about ¾ hour in a greased tin. Serve hot. Sufficient for 6 persons.

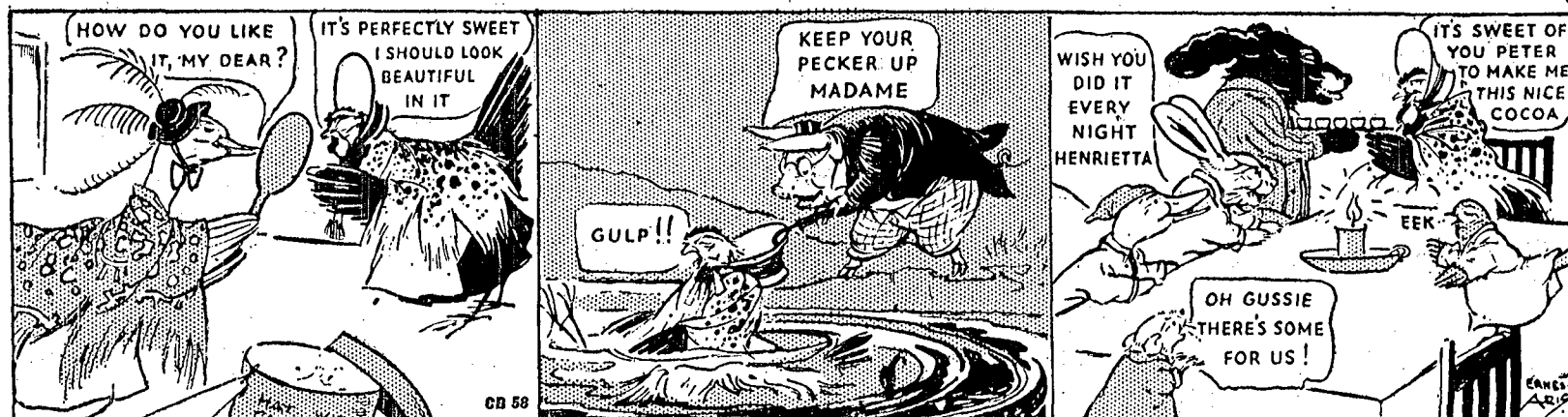
This inexpensive recipe is taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from Hugon & Co., Ltd., Manchester.

Hugon's
'ATORA'
The Good BEEF SUET

N.3



THE CADBURY COCOCUBS—Henrietta's Ducking



Mrs. Henrietta went over to Mrs. Cackle Goose for a social gossip. Really she wanted to see Mrs. Cackle Goose's new bonnet, but she stayed for hours and hours, and at last she thought she had better be going.

It was a dreadfully dark night, and she had not gone very far when there was a splash! Henrietta had walked right into the pond. But Pie Porker heard her cries and very soon fished Henrietta out.

The Cococubs heard the commotion and rushed round to Peter Pum's, who was making some Children's Bournville Cocoa for Henrietta. "Drink it up quickly," said Peter, "it will warm you up in no time."

There's a Cococub in every tin of The CHILDREN'S Bournville Cocoa

